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ANTHOLOGIA OXONIENSIS

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ANTHOLOGIA OXONIENSIS

DECERPSIT

GULIELMUS LINWOOD, M.A.

ÆDIS CHRISTI ALUMNUS.

LONDINI:

IMPENSIS LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, ET LONGMAN.

MDCCCXLVI.

MVSARVM . CVLTORIBVS

NOSTRAE . PRAESERTIM . ACADEMIAE . VMBRA

INNVTRITIS

OPVSCVLVM

D. D. D.

AD LECTOREM.

SÆPENUMERO dolere soleo, veterem illum et probum morem styli assidue in Græco et Latino carmine pangendo exercitandi in Academia nostra non eo quo dignus est, hodie in pretio haberi. Hunc autem morem illis præcipue in deliciis fuisse, quorum doctrinam et ingenium maxime suspicimus, nemini ignotum est, qui virorum qui per superiora sæcula inclaruerunt scriptis vel leviter sit imbutus. Nec dubitari potest quin subsidium haud mediocre ad interiorem veterum linguarum rationem perspiciendam hac arte comparari possit.

Invaluit autem, ut videtur, opinio, tempus ita et operam perire, si verborum et metri minutiis, quibuscum omnis in hoc genere peritia arctissime conjuncta est, diligenter expendendis

incumbamus. Clamatur scilicet, ad res potius quam ad verba et styli rationem esse attendendum. Demonstrandum autem erat, magnos illos viros qui hæc tanto studio coluerunt, in rerum cognitione nobis inferiores extitisse: quod si plane contra fuisse constabit, quam infirmo hi sibi placeant argumento satis apparebit.

Quamobrem huic vitio pro virili succurrendum ratus, spicilegium e nostrorum carminibus edere decrevi, ut aliorum exemplis instigati, reliqui ad elegantissimam hanc disciplinam exercendam et sese commotos sentirent. Inter ea autem quæ hic publici juris feci, haud pauca, ut spero, satis feliciter, nonnulla felicissime tractata invenientur: quædam si secus erunt, horum veniam dabit Lector humanissimus.

Quod longe plura Latino quam Græco sermone scripta edidi, haud scio an mihi non ingratum acciderit. Video enim nonnullos hodie ita loqui, quasi litteras Latinas præ Græcis sordere, immo diligentia sua vix dignas esse putent. Quæ opinio longe est falsissima; nec tam limatum, ut opinor, judicium quam animi pigritiam sapit. Quippe

facilius est ad mediocritatem quandam in Græcis pervenire, quam Latinarum litterarum vere peritum esse. Equidem vereri soleo ne Latinas amisisse, Græcas nondum didicisse videamur.

In toto opere condendo hanc legem servandam duxi, ut nihil admitterem quod non ad veterum poetarum normam exactum foret, et eam tractaret materiam quæ illorum stylo satis conveniret. Igitur hymnos, quos vocant, ecclesiasticos, monachorum rhythmos, et cætera ejusdemmodi excludenda censui : persuasissimum enim habeo quæ in tali genere scribi solent, numeris vere Græcis et Latinis minime accommodari posse.

Quod ipse pauca tantum de meo attuli, hoc præcipue in caussa fuit, quod quæ olim nonnisi styli acuendi gratia luserim, pleraque omnia vel casu vel tempore intercidere: nec alia nova in eorum locum substituere in animo fuit: nam "Carmina," ut ait Ovidius, "secessum scribentis et otia quærunt."

Pæne indignabundus audivi, libellum hunc nostrum eo consilio nonnullis institutum videri,

quasi similem conatum in altera Academia haud ita pridem in lucem prolatum pravo studio æmulemur. Est profecto genus quoddam hominum, cui suo alios modulo metiri mirum quantum placeat. Hoc tamen bibliopolæ haud invitus concessi, ut libellus eadem forma et specie, tanquam in similem finem concinnatus, et amico quodam, ut spero, fœdere conjunctus, in publicum prodiret.

Restat ut gratias agam harum rerum fautori egregio Ædis nostræ Decano, qui mihi Carminum, quæ olim a nostris composita tempore Quadragesimæ in Schola Naturalis Philosophiæ recitari mos erat, honoris caussa illud ut facere liceret petenti, delectum edere permisit: nec mihi temperare possum quin insignem viri eximii Georgii Booth, S.T.B., humanitatem commemorem, qui promto atque alacri officio plurima contulit, et roganti novam identidem supellectilem in manus conjecit: nec vero prætereundus est vir elegantis ingenii Henricus Wellesley, M.A., olim ex alumnis nostris, hodie Aulæ Novi Hospitii Vice-Principalis, qui et

subsidia quædam e penu suo depromta mihi commodavit, et conatus meos bonis semper omnibus et ingenuo favore prosecutus est. Hæc autem ideo pluris facio, quia plerorumque animos nunc temporis ad hæc studia frigere, vel saltem ea levi quodam patrocinio dignari video. Vale.

Dabam Idibus Juniis.

AUCTORUM NOMINA.

Paucula quædam in secunda operis particula legentium in gratiam exhibui, quæ qui scripserunt, ut longiori temporis intervallo discretos, hic non recensere visum est. Horum singula suorum auctorum nominibus signata invenientur. Nec ægre feret Lector, quod Isaaci Casauboni poematium quoddam in Bibliotheca Bodleiana scriptum reliquis interserendum duxi.

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ELENCHUS CARMINUM.

PARS PRIMA.

No.				Page
I.	B.	The Harp	*Moore*	2
II.	H.H.	Boadicea	*Cowper*	4
III.	G.S.	Lines	*Sir W. Raleigh*	8
IV.	W.B.J.	To a Lady		10
V.	G.	Vita fugax	*Thomson*	10
VI.	B.	Blanche of Devan's Song	*Scott*	12
VII.	G.S.	Isabel and Lorenzo	*Keats*	14
VIII.	B.	To Mary	*C. Wolfe*	16
IX.	G.	Infans	*Carlisle*	18
X.	G.*	Judæa Captiva	*Psalm* CXXXVII.	20
XI.	B.	To Florella	*Lord Chesterfield's Letters*, XLII.	22
XII.	W.B.J.	Rixæ Amantium	*Coleridge*	24
XIII.	B.	Rosa Infans	*M. de Malesherbe*	26
XIV.	G.	Viduus	*Sannazaro*	26
XV.	B.	The Arab Maid's Song	*Moore*	28
XVI.	G.B.	Lucy	*Wordsworth*	30
XVII.	G.	Puer Matrem Gladiis confectam lactens	*Ex Anthologia*	30
XVIII.	B.	Il était là	*M. de Ségur*	32
XIX.	J.R.	Isaiah, LXIII.		34
XX.	G.	Delia Annum agens Tricesimum Sextum	*Johnson*	36
XXI.	B.	Gather ye Rose-buds	*R. Herrick*	38
XXII.	G.*	Orestes	*Eurip. Orest.*	40
XXIII.	J.R.	Song	*Shakspeare*	42
XXIV.	G.	Detraction	*Earl Nugent*	42
XXV.	W.L.	Drink to me only with thine Eyes	*Ben Jonson*	44

XXVI.	J. G. L.	Lines from Paradise Lost	*Milton*	46
XXVII.	G. S.	The Rose	*Coleridge*	48
XXVIII.	B.	Believe me if all those endearing young Charms	*Moore*	50
XXIX.	G.	Somnium lethale	*Ex Anthologia*	52
XXX.	W. B. J.	Antipholus loquitur	*Shakspeare*	52
XXXI.	B.	The splendid Shilling	*J. Philips*	54
XXXII.	G.*	The Redbreast	*Thomson*	58
XXXIII.	J. R.	The Ocean	*Byron*	60
XXXIV.	W. B. J.	The Rainbow	*Wordsworth*	60
XXXV.	B.	Dirge in Cymbeline	*Collins*	62
XXXVI.	B.	Meleagri Epigramma	*Ex Anthologia*	64
XXXVII.	J. R.	The Land o' the Leal	*Burns*	66
XXXVIII.	R. P.	The Laurel	*Wordsworth*	68
XXXIX.	H. H.	The last Man	*Campbell*	70
XL.	G.	Leonidas	*Ex Anthologia*	74
XLI.	J. G. L.	Lines	*Shelley*	76
XLII.	W. B. J.	Tell me where is Fancy bred	*Shakspeare*	76
XLIII.	B.	The Rose	*Cowper*	78
XLIV.	J. G. L.	The Joy of Grief	*Talfourd*	80
XLV.	B.	The Traveller	*Goldsmith*	80
XLVI.	G. B.	Lines		82
XLVII.	B.	To a female Cupbearer	*Elegant Extracts*	82
XLVIII.	J. C.	Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady	*Pope*	84
XLIX.	B.	The willing Captive	*Garrick*	86
L.	W. L.	In Tumulum Naufragi	*Ex Anthologia*	86
LI.	B.	On Cardinal Wolsey		86
LII.	G. S.	Elegy in a Country Churchyard	*Gray*	88
LIII.	J. R.	Job, XXXIX.		90
LIV.	B.	Live while you live		92
LV.	J. R.	On a Monument in Melrose Abbey		92
LVI.	C. W.	Queen Mab	*Shakspeare*	94
LVII.	W.	Speech of the Genius of the Wood	*Milton*	96
LVIII.	G.	Seræ Divitiæ	*Ex Anthologia*	98
LIX.	J. G. L.	The Isles of Greece	*Byron*	100
LX.	H. H.	Melrose	*Scott*	102

LXI.	R. R. W. L.	Lines engraved on the Collar of a Dog	*Pope*	104
LXII.	B.	The Beggar's Petition		104
LXIII.	R. R. W. L.	Oft in the stilly Night	*Moore*	106
LXIV.	W. B. J.	The dying Swan	*Tennyson*	108
LXV.	E. P.	Daphne	*Spenser*	110
LXVI.	J. R.	Portia	*Shakspeare*	114
LXVII.	E. W.	Lines	*Parnell*	116
LXVIII.	W. B. J.	On a volunteer Singer	*Coleridge*	116
LXIX.	H. H.	Sonetto	*Vincenzo Filicaja*	118
LXX.	R. R. W. L.	There's not a Joy the World can give	*Byron*	120
LXXI.	B.	Harmless Wit	*Young*	122
LXXII.	B.	Fade, flowers, fade	*Waller*	124
LXXIII.	G. S.	Althea	*Lovelace*	124
LXXIV.	B.	Epitaph in the Isle of Wight		128
LXXV.	B.	Epitaph on Claudius Philips	*Garrick*	128
LXXVI.	G.	Andromache	*Eurip. Androm.*	130
LXXVII.	B.	On a Faux-pas at a Ball	*F. Hodgson*	130
LXXVIII.	W. B. J.	Lines	*Shelley*	132
LXXIX.	H. H.	Admiral Hosier's Ghost	*Old Ballad*	134
LXXX.	G.	Mater Spartana	*Ex Anthologia*	140
LXXXI.	J. C.	Song	*Wordsworth*	142
LXXXII.	B.	Lines on some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast	*Elegant Extracts*	142
LXXXIII.	W. B. J.	The last Rose of Summer	*Moore*	144
LXXXIV.	B.	Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας	*Anacreon*	146
LXXXV.	J. G. L.	Lines from Paradise Lost	*Milton*	146
LXXXVI.	G.	Epitaph	*Ben Jonson*	148
LXXXVII.	B.	Μακαρίζομέν σε, τέττιξ	*Anacreon*	150
LXXXVIII	G. S.	Life	*King*	152
LXXXIX.	B.	Epitaph on a newborn Infant	*Coleridge*	154
XC.	B.	Lines from Comus	*Milton*	156
XCI.	G. S.	Lines	*Shakspeare*	156
XCII.	G.	I loved thee beautiful and kind	*Earl Nugent*	158
XCIII.	B.	Epigram of Simmias the Theban	*Ex Anthologia*	158
XCIV.	J. R.	Antony	*Shakspeare*	160
XCV.	B.	Unobtrusive Beauty	*Elegant Extracts*	162

XCVI.	G.S.	Lines	*King*	162
XCVII.	W.L.	Auf einen Feldbrunnen	*Ramler*	164
XCVIII.	B.	Leonidæ Tarentini Epigramma .	*Ex Anthologia*	164
XCIX.	B.	To a Lady singing one of his Songs .	*Waller*	166
C.	B.	Hope	*Elegant Extracts*	166
CI.	J.E.B.	Alonzo the Brave . . .	*M. G. Lewis*	168
CII.	J.R.	Lines . , ...	*Byron*	176
CIII.	B.	Meleagri Epigramma . . .	*Ex Anthologia*	178
CIV.	G.	Gratia relata	*Earl Nugent*	178
CV.	B.	On a Grotto near a Stream .	*Elegant Extracts*	180
CVI.	W.L.	We met, 't was in a Crowd .	*W. Haynes Bayley*	180
	B.	Idem Latine redditum		183
CVII.	B.	Propinatio ad Celiam; altera versio		185

PARS SECUNDA.

I.	B.	Victoria Britanniarum Regina S.P.Q.B. Imperium capessens	189
II.	W.*	The Call of Cyrus	192
III.	B.	Medicorum avarorum Fallaciæ	193
IV.	W.*	Death in Battle and on a Sick-Bed . . .	196
V.	W.H.	Ad Juliam lacrymantem	197
VI.	B.	Naufragus	198
VII.	W.	In Nonas Novembres	199
VIII.	B.	Iri Fastus	201
IX.	W.	Lines on the Tomb of Miss Brougham . . .	201
X.	W.	Pudor	202
XI.	B.	Collegium S. Mariæ Magdalenæ	203
XII	W.*	Pisgæ Specula	205
XIII.	B.	Socratis Mors	206
XIV.	W.H.	Ad Amicum, etc.	209
XV.	J. Locke, 1654.	Ad Oliverum Dominum Protectorem	210
XVI.	W.	Octavia Antonio	211
XVII.	G.	Hylas	213
XVIII.	B.	Splendide mendax	214

XIX.	J. E. B.	Deprecatio ad Cynthiam	215
XX.	O. G.	On a Monument in Lichfield Cathedral	216
XXI.	W.	Old Bedlam	216
XXII.	J. R.	Ἡ Χάρις ἀλλάξαι τὴν Φύσιν οὐ δύναται	219
XXIII.	G. B.	In admirabilem illum Crichtonum Epitaphium	220
XXIV.	W. H.	Ad Juliam	220
XXV.	G.*	Mors fatalis	222
XXVI.	B.	Venandum	223
XXVII.	W.	Salix Babylonica	224
XXVIII.	C. W.	Nihil fit ex Nihilo	226
XXIX.	B.	Improba Siren	226
XXX.	W. L.	Mors Didus Æneæ nuntiatur	227
XXXI.	G.	Langansia	231
XXXII.	B.	Oblectamenta Ruris	232
XXXIII.	W.	Milton	233
XXXIV.	T. WARTON.	Lines for a Statue of Somnus	233
XXXV.	G.	Exul Gallicus	234
XXXVI.	J. E. B.	Votum	237
XXXVII.	W.	Soda	238
XXXVIII.	W.	Translation of the preceding	239
XXXIX.	B.	Hellas recidiva	240
XL.	B.	Irrupta Copula	241
XLI.	GUL. LAUD. S. T. D. 1613.	In Obitum Thomæ Bodleii	241
XLII.		In eundem ISAACI CASAUBONI Poematium	242
XLIII.	W.	Cithara	243
XLIV.	B.	Stolidorum Gula	244
XLV.	B.	Hectorem ad Pugnam proficiscentem alloquitur Andromache	245
XLVI.	W.*	Ver	247
XLVII.	B.	Gorgonis est Iræ Facies	248
XLVIII.	W.*	Jerusalem	248
XLIX.	B.	Columba nuncia	250
L.	W*	Lex Divina in Monte Sinai promulgata	251
LI.	B.	Virginius in Castra reversus Milites alloquitur	252
LII.	W.*	Pestis Thebana	254
LIII.	B.	Bibliotheca	255

LIV.	W.*	Neptunus	256
LV.	H.H.	Damocles reprehensus	257
LVI.	B.	Indæ viventis Rogus	258
LVII.	W.*	Ætna	259
LVIII.	B.	Theatrum Vitæ	261
LIX.	W.	Praxiteles Venator	262
LX.	B.	Terra	263
LXI.	W.*	Persæ de Templo Delphico deturbantur	264
LXII.	B.	Dotes Amoris	265
LXIII.	G.	Epitaphium in Canem	266
LXIV.	G	Aliud Epitaphium	267
LXV.	B.	Ad Filiæ Tumulum Inferiæ	268
LXVI.	W.*	Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidos	269
LXVII.	B.	Sæculum aureum	270
LXVIII.	W.*	Tiniana Insula	271
LXIX.	B.	Ulysses redux	272
LXX.	W.	Lines for a Statue of the Duke of Wellington	273
	W.	Translation of the preceding	273
LXXI.	W.	On his Bust being placed in the Library of Eton College	273
LXXII.	H.H.	Ἀνάθημα	274
LXXIII.	W.	Imitation of a Greek Epitaph on Bonaparte's Tomb at St. Helena	275
LXXIV.	B.	Imago Vocis	276
LXXV.	W.*	Hierosolymæ disjiciendæ Signa et Minæ	277
LXXVI.	H.H.	Pater judicans	278
LXXVII.	B.	Ad Amicum nimis occupatum	279
LXXVIII.	W.*	America Rerum naturalium Mole insignis	280

PARS TERTIA.

Carmina Quadrigesimalia selecta.

I.	An quicquid movetur, moveatur ab alio	283
II.	An quicquid recipitur ad modum recipientis recipiatur	285
III.	An idem sit Caussa diversorum	286

IV.	An detur Sympathia	287
V.	An omne habeat suum Ubi	288
VI.	An omnia vergant ad Interitum	289
VII.	An Natura aliquid agat frustra	290
VIII.	An Effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum	291
IX.	An Natura aliquid agat frustra	292
X.	An Bruta agant per Instinctum	293
XI.	An Effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum	294
XII.	An detur Sympathia	295
XIII.	An Cœlum agat in Animum	296
XIV.	An idem semper agat idem	297
XV.	An omnia habeant determinatam Activitatis suæ Sphæram	298
XVI.	An idem semper agat idem	299
XVII.	An Locus conveniat locato	300
XVIII.	An detur Sympathia	301
XIX.	An omnia habeant suum Ubi	302
XX.	An detur Sympathia	303
XXI.	An Ars imitetur Naturam	304
XXII.	An diversa possint esse in eodem Subjecto	305

ERRATA.

Pag. 93. v. 17. ʼπυργεὺς leg. πύργευς. 99. ult. B. — G. 103. 16. Post "fremit" minus plene interpunge. 109. 27. πόταμός — ποταμός. 124. 9. Insere "Waller." 157. 12. Insere "B." 212. ult. solo — sola. 247. 15. titulo — bibulo. 256. 18. agnoscere — agnovere. 280. 20. Nativi — Nativum.


ANTHOLOGIA
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MDCCCXLVI.
S. WILLIAMS.

PARS PRIMA.

I.

The Harp.

Come, take thy harp—'t is vain to muse
  Upon the gathering ills we see:
Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
  All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love!—though death were near,
  Thy song could make my soul forget—
Nay, nay, in pity dry that tear,
  All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm
  Once more upon the dear harp lie;
And I will cease to dream of harm,
  Will smile at fate, while thou art by.

Moore.

I.

Lyra.

Sume lyram, mea lux! rerum quid proderit ægra
  Mente procellosas anticipare vices?
Sume lyram: nostræ jucunda oblivia curæ,
  Aure bibam dulces, te modulante, sonos.
Canta, age: mors etiam si, te cantante, veniret,
  Me neque sentirem, raptus ad astra, mori.
Parce, precor, nimios lacrymis augere dolores;
  Crede dari lætos nunc quoque posse dies.
Te niveis videam solita dulcedine captus
  Implicitas digitis pervolitare fides;
Somnia desistam venturi fingere luctus;
  Nil mala, te coram, Parca minata valet.
Teque mihi tactasque tuo modo pollice chordas
  Annuat, aversa cætera fronte neget.
Arbitra delicias geminat, fallitque dolorem
  Æmula cum facili vox tua juncta manu.
Hæc mihi non Orcus rapiet: cœloque superstes
  Restat adhuc citharæ gratia, restat amor.

B.

II.

Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods;

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
T is because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruins as in guilt.

II.

Boadicea.

CUM modo Romanis regina Britannica flagris
  Saucia, nudato sanguinolenta sinu;
Indignata malis succumbere, nescia vinci,
  Cum petiit patrios consuluitque deos;

Præscius en patulæ quercus sub tegmine sedit
  Rex Druidûm, nivea colla tegente coma.
Omnia, quæ vates accenso e pectore fudit,
  Plena gravis luctus, plena furoris erant.

"O domina, imbelles si tanta injuria guttas
  Elicit, et possunt nil nisi flere senes;
Est quia terrores aufert violentia luctus,
  Nostraque præ nimio lingua furore silet.

"Roma cadet: (tu scribe meas age sanguine voces,
  Sanguine, quo nostros commaculavit agros,)
Spe sine detestata cadet: cito prægravis illam
  Par sceleri tanto, crede, ruina premet.

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground —
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

"Roma potens opibus, terræ caput, inclyta bellis,
Sub pede nunc populos mille superba terit:
At cadet ingenti mox strata in pulvere lapsu,
Mœnia jam victor barbarus ecce! petit.

"Succrescet Romæ soboles indigna parentum,
Non erit in pretio miles, ut ante, suo;
Præmia tum famæ numeri, non arma, merebunt,
Solaque degenerum gloria carmen erit.

"Sed genus acre virum, sylvis innata propago,
Protinus in nostris exorietur agris;
Fulminibusque potens, alasque induta nitentes,
Imperio terras nobiliore reget.

"Tum nova, Cæsareis ignota cohortibus, arva
Dicentur sobolis splendida regna tuæ:
Illa plagas, aquilæ quas non tetigere superbæ,
Gestiet invicta præripuisse manu."

Talia grandævus vates: dum præscia fati
Pectora divino fervidus igne tumet,
Pronus et in chordas plusquam mortale sonantes
Excitat arguto pollice dulce melos.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurled them at her foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait on you."

Cowper.

III.

The Course of Time.

E'EN such is Time, which takes in trust
Our youth, our joys, and all we have,
And pays us nought but age and dust,
Which in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the fable of our days;
And from which earth, and grave, and dust,
The Lord will raise me up I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh

Percita magnanimo fastu regina calescit,
  Sentit et ardentem verba movere sinum;
Arma capit, pugnat, moritur: morituraque in hostem
  Projicit indomitas, vate docente, minas.

"Ergo, vana tumens, misereri nescia, Roma,
  Dii referunt sceleris præmia digna tui.
Nobis sorte datum mundi ditione potiri,
  Vos manet opprobrium, vos mala mille pati."

H. H.

III.

Resurgam.

CURRUNT tempora, mutuasque nobis
Sumunt delicias, jocos, juventam,
Dein rugas modo pulveremque pendunt,
Queis meta variæ viæ reperta
Vitæ fabula tristis in sepulcro
Surdo clauditur et tenebricoso.
Ex quo pulvere rursus et sepulcro
Me, spero, Deus ipse mo: reducet.

G. S.

IV.

To a Lady.

THE adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis but the poisoning of the dart
Too apt before to kill.

V.

As when a shepherd of the Hebrid isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand embodied, to our senses plain,)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then, all at once, in air dissolves the wondrous show

Thomson

IV.

ORNARIS tanta nimis, heu! crudeliter arte,
Letalisque prius, tabe sagitta mades.

W. B. T. J.

V.

Vita fugax.

QUALIS ubi Hebudiæ pastor de vertice rupis,
Quæ longe Arctoas tristis obumbrat aquas,
Sole sub occiduo, procul in convalle remota,
Saxosive super culmina nuda jugi,
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat (seu credula fallit
Mens vacuum et fictis ludit imaginibus,
Sive quod aëriæ nonnunquam hæc corpora formæ
Sumpsere, humanis conspicienda oculis,)
Innumeram glomerari aciem, circumque moveri: —
Mox eadem in ventos it resoluta leves.
Haud aliter mortis fugiunt evanida in umbras
Optima quæque, hominum queis sibi vita placet:
Gratia, opes, studium sophiæ, laudumque cupido,
Fidus amor, fidæ gaudia amicitiæ:
His itaque ut brevibus fruere, æternam esse memento,
Quæ post has tenebras est oritura dies.

G.

VI.

Blanche of Devan's Song.

THEY bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung;—
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan's tides,
So sweetly would I rest, and pray
That Heaven would close my wintry day!

'T was thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true-love would meet me there:
But woe betide the cruel guile
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And woe betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream.

Scott.

VI.

Blancæ Devanensis Cantiuncula.

MONTICOLÆ dormire jubent, Superosque precari,
Meque vagam sana mente carere ferunt:
Non ego montano possum dormire cubili;
Non ego montana reddere voce preces.
Si tamen Allanus qua volvitur aureus essem,
Aut ubi natalis Devana lambit agros;
Suaviter O illic dormirem, et læta precarer
Conderet ut tristem nox mihi summa diem.
Hoc voluere modo longos me fingere crines,
Castaque tædiferi templa subire dei;
Nam mihi dixerunt hymenæam surgere lucem,
Visaque sum sponso nupta futura meo.
Ah! male funestæ pereat fraus impia dextræ
Sanguine quæ risus mersit adorta breves.
Heu! cito blanditi fugientia somnia visi!
Heu! vigiles fletus, et mala vera nimis!

B.

VII.

Isabel and Lorenzo.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
  Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the selfsame mansion dwell
  Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
  It soothëd each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,
But to each other dream and nightly weep.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
  With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden, stir,
  But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
  To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill,
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
  Before the door had given her to his eyes;
And from her chamber window he would catch
  Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
And constant as her vespers would he watch,
  Because her face was turned to the same skies;
And with sick longing all the night outwear,
To hear her morning step upon the stair.

Keats.

VII.

Vis Amoris.

Formosa, et simplex, et nescia fraudis Ianthe
  Militia tiro Marcus Amoris erat.
Pectore non illos placido, morbove carentes,
  Communes poterant continuisse Lares.
Cœnabant una: socia solatia mensa
  Consessus miseris ut nimis apta dabat!
Mutua nocturnos renovabant somnia fletus,
  Vicinis quoties procubuere toris.

Nullo non gliscens animos insedit Eoo,
  Nullo non gliscens vespere crevit amor.
Hortis, rure, domo, quocunque incedat, Ianthes
  Ora videt solum, sola venusta, puer.
Nec nemorum, assidua pueri præ voce, puellæ
  Murmur, ab occulto nec placet amne melos.
Unius ipsa chelys nomen scit reddere, telam
  Unius infectam nomine perdit acus.

Ante oculis dominam dederit quam janua, mota
  Ille sera teneram sentit adesse manum;
Et veneres nota procul excepisse fenestra,
  Quantum aquilæ tendant lumina nulla, potest.
Vesperis adventum nunquam non servat, eosdem
  Versa quod ad cœlos ora precantis erunt.
Et desiderio noctes terit æger, amatæ
  Audiat ut motum, sole oriente, pedem.

G. S.

VIII.

To Mary.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when at thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more.

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But, when I speak,—thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!

VIII.

Ad Conjugem ereptam.

FORSITAN et non te flerem viduatus ademtam,
  Credere mortalem si potuisset amor;
Me tamen immemorem fugit, tibi luce fruenti
  Dum comes hærebam, te quoque posse mori:
Non subiit, properare suam contingere metam
  Candida neglecto tempora lapsa gradu;
Et fore, quo non te spectarem ego, Lydia, nec tu
  Suave renideres amplius ipsa die.

Nunc etiam, placidis mox arrisura labellis
  Pallida, dum specto, credulus ora puto;
Nec bene, me frustra faciem spectare rigentem,
  Et labra jam nulla voce movenda, fero.
At loquor; et, semper quæ sponte referre solebas,
  Dulcia nunc primum non mihi verba refers.
Certior heu! verum, quo nunc patet indice, sensi:
  Mortua, nec fallor, Lydia cara, jaces!

Sicut es, at mecum si frigida tota maneres,
  Sicut es, at mecum tota serena, domi;
Et vel adhuc tacitum premerem tibi pectore pectus,
  Et labra, queis risus ante fuere, labris.

While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
  Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,—
  And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
  Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart
  In thinking, too, of thee:
Yet, there was round thee such a dawn
  Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
  And never can restore.

C. Wolfe

IX.

From the Arabic.

When born, in tears we saw thee drowned,
Whilst thy assembled friends around
  With smiles their joy confest:
So live that in thy latest hour
We may the floods of sorrow pour,
  And thou in smiles be drest.

Carlisle

Donec et exsanguem teneo gelidamque superstes,
  Alterius non es, visa sed esse mea:
Jam tamen obscuro mihi conderis ecce! sepulcro;
  Solus et in vacua nunc queror ipse domo.

Quæ loca cunque tenes, felici in sede piorum
  Non tamen oblitam te reor esse mei;
Forsitan et memorem tua me soletur imago,
  Mersaque perpetuo corda dolore juvet:
Talis at emicuit circum lux aurea frontis,
  Et prius haud alio visus in ore nitor,
Vivida mens qualem potuisset fingere nunquam,
  Reddere sublatam nec meditata potest.

B.

IX.

Infans.

Dum tibi vix nato læti risere parentes
  Vagitu implebas tu lacrymisque domum:
Sic vivas, ut summa tibi cum venerit hora,
  Sit ridere tuum, sit lacrymare tuis.

G.

X.

Psalm cxxxvii.

BY the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the LORD's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

X.

Judaea captiva.

EUPHRATIS ripæ acclines, ubi, limite longo
Porrecta, Assyriæ tristia culta patent,
Amissam memores patriam, sanctumque Siona
Flevimus, et summi diruta templa Dei.
At qua mœsta salix invisam offuderat umbram,
Pendebant tacitæ, pristina cura, lyræ.
Sæpe illic Solymæ eversæ captiva propago
Impia victoris probra minasque tulit:
Sæpe illic, pompas inter ritusque nefandos,
Ingemuit, patrios jussa referre modos.
Ergone solennes virgo Solymæa choreas
Captiva et patriis finibus exul agat?
Ergo et nunc poterit, Babylonis mœnia propter,
Sacra Davideæ tangere fila lyræ,
Qua Siloa, altusque Hermon, Libanusque sonabant,
Præsentique Patris numine plena Salem?
Cara Salem, quascunque ferar vagus exul in oras,
Ecquando possim non memor esse tui?
At mihi defixa obmutescat lingua palato,
At citharam, et solitum dextra recuset opus,
Si mentem non una meam tua torquet imago,
Una Salem, luctus lætitiæque comes.

G.

XI.

To Florella.

Why will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravished eyes reprove;
And hide from them the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun her scorn, and ease my care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And, while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentler usage find.

But oh! how faint is every joy,
Where nature has no part!
New beauties may my eyes employ,
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doomed to roam,
Meet pity everywhere;
Yet languish for their native home,
Though death attends them there!

XI.

Ad Florellam.

QUID mea rapta tuæ dulcedine, Lydia, formæ
  Corripis in tantum lumina fixa decus;
Et mihi, quas præter nullæ pepulere tuentem,
  Subtrahis aversa fronte severa genas?

Ut tua devitem fastidia, mutuus alter
  Afferat ut medicam, qua licet, ignis opem,
Dum levis hanc, illam blanda prece flectere tento,
  Lenior audita fit nova quæque prece.

Hei mihi! quam languent, frustra simulata potitis,
  Gaudia non verus quæ sibi finxit amor!
Namque aliæ quamvis oculos tenuere puellæ,
  Tu tamen arcanus pectoris ardor eras.

Non secus, externa mœrens vagus exul in ora,
  Hospita quem regio quæque miserta fovet,
Heu! patriam, patriam desiderat!—illa carenti
  Sola, licet vita sit redimenda, domus!

B.

XII.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
  And constancy dwells in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
  And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
Each spake words of high disdain
  And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted — ne'er to meet again!
  But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining; —
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
  Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between;—
  But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

Coleridge.

XII.

Rixæ Amantium.

Heu! illis olim fuerat conjuncta juventus;
  Sed potis est mendax lingua levare fidem;
Mens levis est juvenum; spinis via consita vitæ;
  Jampridem in cœlis incola fidus amor:
Æstuat infelix, capiti succensus amato,
  Et mala vecordem distrahit ira sinum.
Mutua dixerunt dulces convicia amici,
  Jamque dies sociis ultimus ille fuit:
Haud tamen inventum vacui solamen amoris,
  Nec desiderii disperiere notæ.
Ingentis veluti divulsa cacumina montis,
  Distinet iratis æquor inane fretis;
At non tristis hiems, neque sol, non fulminis ictus,
  Obruet antiqui fœderis indicium.

W. B. T. J.

XIII.

Rose.

ELLE étoit de ce monde, où les meilleures choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et Rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

M. de Malesherbe.

XIV.

VISSA teco son io molti e molt' anni,
Con quale amor tu 'l sa, fedel consorte!
Poi recise il mio fil la giusta morte,
E me sottrasse alli mondani inganni.
Se lieta io goda ne i beati scanni,
Ti giuro che 'l morir non mi fù forte:
Se non pensando alla tua cruda sorte,
E che sol ti lasciarà in tanti affanni.
Ma la virtù che 'n te dal ciel riluce,
Al passar questo abisso oscuro e cieco,
Spero che ti sarà maestra e duce.
Non pianger più, ch' io sarò sempre teco,
E bella e viva, al fin della tua luce,
Venir vedrai me, e rimenarten meco!

Sannazaro.

XIII.

Rosa infans.

NATA fuit terris, ubi quæ potiora vigescunt,
  Prima eadem fato deteriore cadunt;
Illa Rosæ fragilem cepit cum nomine vitam,
  Una dedit cunas, funus et una dies!

B.

XIV.

Viduus.

Uxor mortua viduum alloquitur.

SCIS bene quam multos tecum conjuncta per annos,
  Et quali fuerim, care marite, fide.
Nunc mundi illecebras supra curasque fugaces
  Evehor, æthereis consociata choris.
Nec mihi, cœlum hoc et cœlestia gaudia testor,
  Vitæ dura fuit meta suprema meæ:
Te solum indolui, te inter mala tanta relinquens,
  Heu! mala nunc animo tota ferenda tuo.
Sed tibi pandit iter divinitus insita virtus,
  Has cæcas vitæ discutiens tenebras.
Me quoque, ne doleas! comitem me semper habebis,
  Et mihi fida tuæ cura salutis erit;
Donec viva iterum morienti et pulchra videbor,
  Dux tibi in æternas ire parata domos.

G.

XV.

The Arab Maid's Song.

THERE 's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream,
To sit in the roses and hear the bird's song.

That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think—is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

Moore.

XV.

Arabiæ Puellæ Cantiuncula.

Spissa rosæ texunt in Medi umbracula ripa,
Tristis ubi totos flet Philomela dies.
Dulce mihi parvæ, ceu somnia læta, sedenti
Sub roseo visus tegmine cantus avis.
Illa vident memores umbracula semper ocelli;
Ille mea nunquam cantus in aure silet:
Sæpius at mecum vernas meditata sub horas,
"Luget adhuc illic num Philomela?" rogo.
"Num, mihi qui fulsit, solitus manet ille roseto,
Quod placido Medus præfluit amne, rubor?"
Credula, quid volui? melior cito transiit ætas;
Pensilis in tremulas et rosa fluxit aquas;
Pressa sed ex ipsa sudavit gutta medulla,
Quam tenero carptæ flore dedere comæ.
Totus et æstatis, vivax æstate peracta,
Mansit in expresso rore superstes odor.
Nec secus, abstrusum mens elicit ante vigorem,
Gaudia quam pereant non reditura, memor;
Deliciasque breves nimium, fructumque caducum,
Qualis erat, talem spiritus ille refert.
Tam mihi sic animo, Medi quæ littus inumbrant,
Usque nitent, oculis quam nituere, rosæ.

XVI.

Lucy.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways,
  Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half-hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
And she is in her grave, and oh!
  The difference to me!

Wordsworth.

XVII.

Ex Anthologia.

ΕΛΚΕ, τάλαν, παρὰ μητρὸς ὃν οὐκ ἔτι μαζὸν ἀμέλξεις
  ἕλκυσον, ὑστάτιον νᾶμα καταφθιμένης.
ἤδη γὰρ ξιφέεσσι λιπόπνοος, ἀλλὰ τὰ μητρὸς
  φίλτρα καὶ εἰν Ἀΐδῃ παιδοκομεῖν ἔμαθον.

XVI.

Lucia.

Avia qua tacito perrepit flumine Dova,
Exiguam tenuit nostra puella domum:
Rarus eam, semper rarus laudator adibat;
Vix quoque, qui colerent, unus et alter erant.

Scilicet occultæ violæ crescebat ad instar,
Quæ lapidis musco semioperta latet;
Tam pulcra, ætherio quam quæ nitet unica cœlo
Stella, tenebroso clarior orta polo.

Vitæ sors humilis; vix qui te sciret ademtam
Mortali ex cœtu, Lucia dulcis, erat:
Nunc tumulo placida dormis composta quiete;
Væ! mihi dehinc vitæ quam grave restat onus!

G. B.

XVII.

Puer Matrem Gladiis confectam lactens.

Sume, puer, tibi quæ præbent dona ultima lactis
Materni, vita deficiente, sinus!
Sume, miser! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,
Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.

G.

XVIII.

Il était là.

AUTREFOIS tout dans la Nature
Agitait doucement mon cœur:
Des gazons j'aimais la verdure,
J'admirais la naissante fleur:
Ce clair ruisseau, ce frais boccage,
Cet air que Flore parfuma;
Ces oiseaux, leur joli ramage;
Tout me plaisait;—Il était là!

'A présent à peine j'endure
Ce qui me charmait autrefois:
Du ruisseau je fuis le murmure,
Je crains l'ombre triste des bois.
Je maudis l'épine piquante
Du rosier que ma main planta:
Tout m'importune, me tourmente;
Rien ne me plait;—Il n'est plus là!

'A mes yeux tout pourrait encore
Reprendre ses premiers attraits;
J'aimerais la vermeille aurore,
Le zéphyr si doux et si frais:
L'accent léger de la fauvette
Que ma voix souvent imita,
Les sons plaintifs de la musette,
Tout me plairait,—S' Il était là!

M. de Ségur.

XVIII.

Puella Amantem absentem desiderat.

Στοναχεῖτε νάπαι.

Hei mihi! Quam rerum mutant mutata colorem
  Lumina! quam lætis omnia læta nitent!
Rivulus illimis, gelidum nemus, aura Favonî,
  Floris odor, fontis murmura, cantus avis;
Cuncta prius grata specie blandita placebant;
  Nam comes astabat, quo sine, nulla placent.
Nunc dolor est ingens, mihi quod fuit ante voluptas!
  Et cruciant memores gaudia nota sinus.
Nunc nemus est odio; mœstum ingemit aura gementi;
  Sola tremo strepitus; et facit umbra metus.
Ipsa movent, quondam mea cura, rosaria bilem,
  Spina quod altricem pungat acuta manum.
Difficilis fio; pulsam queror ægra quietem;
  Nil juvat: est absens, quo sine, nulla placent.
Singula sed priscos possent reparare decores,
  Grata forent oculis singula visa meis;
Roscida purpureum spargens Aurora vigorem,
  Et zephyri dulces, cum sitit herba, vices;
Suavia cantantûm discrimina mille volucrûm,
  Æmula quos mea vox est imitata modos;
Omnia adhuc blando tentarent pectora motu,
  Si comes astaret, quo sine, nulla placent.

B.

XIX.

Isaiah, lxiii.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me.

And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.

XIX.

Τις τήνδε Βόστρας κἀξ Ἰδουμαίας ὁδὸν
ἥκει, βαφαῖσι λαμπρὸς εἱμάτων δέμας,
στόλῳ τε κόσμῳ τ' ἐμπρέπων μεγασθενής;

Ἥκω λόγων τε καὶ χερῶν δίκῃ σθένων.

Τί δῆτα κόσμον τόνδε πορφυροῦν ἔχεις,
πατοῦντι ληνὸν ἐμφερὴς ἐσθήματα;

Ληνὸν μὲν οὖν ἔγωγε, κοὐκ ἄλλος, πατῶν
κυρῶ· ξυνεργὸς δ' οὔτις ἀνθρώπων πάρα.
ἢ γὰρ πατήσω σφ' ἐγκότῳ χόλῳ βαρὺς
λὰξ ἐμβατεύων. φοινίαις δ' ἔσθημ' ἐμὸν
δρόσοισι τέγξω, πᾶσαν ἀλλάσσων στολήν.
δεδογμένον γὰρ ἦμαρ οὐ μέλλει δίκης,
πάρεστι δ' ὥρα τῆς ἐμῆς σωτηρίας.
ὁ κουφίσων γὰρ οὐδαμοῦ πέλας παρῆν,
οὐδ' οὑπαρήξων· θαῦμα δ' ἔσχον εἰσιδών.
ἀνθ' ὧν βοήθει' ἐξ ἐμῆς βραχίονος
ἐφαίνετ'· ὀργῇ δ' ἀσχόλῳ ξυνειχόμην.
καὶ μὴν πατήσω γ' ἐγκότως ἅπαν γένος,
λύσσαν τ' ἐνήσω βακχίαν χόλῳ βαρύς,
ἅπαν πρὸς οὖδας συγκαθελκύσας μένος.

J. R.

XX.

OFT in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five:
Long may better years arrive!
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at thirty-five.
Ladies, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at thirty-five:
For howe'er we boast and strive
Life declines at thirty-five.
He that ever hopes to thrive
Must begin by thirty-five:
And all who wisely wish to wive
Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

Johnson.

XX.

Delia Annum agens Tricesimum Sextum.

Vivis, et illæsa per mille pericla salute,
Octavum vitæ ingrederis, mea Delia, lustrum.
Et vivas, precor, et multa et felicia semper
Octavo lustra annumeres superaddita lustro.
At tibi venturæ labentia tempora vitæ
Vellem ut in octavo possint se sistere lustro.
His etenim ingenium viget, et mens firmior annis,
Sedula ad octavum coluit quam Delia lustrum.
Ergo age! conde favos! huc cui provecta sit ætas,
Conde! et in octavo nugari desine lustro:
Nam vitæ decus humanæ lumenque videmus
Semper ab octavo in pejus se vertere lustro:
Et spes sera illis nimis est, et tardior hora,
Qui neque in octavo norunt bene vivere lustro.
Tu vero faustos quicunque voles hymenæos,
Aspice in octavo qualis sit Delia lustro.

G.

XXI.

Song.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
The nearer he's to setting.

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy; but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. Herrick.

XXI.

Carpe Diem.

CARPITE dum fas est, nec inepti lusibus anni,
  Carpite pubentes, avolat hora, rosas:
Quique vigens hodie flos ridet honore recenti,
  Cras erit effœta languidus ille coma.

Ipse etiam lampas cœli clarissima Phœbus,
  Urget anhelantes quo magis altus equos,
Cærulea spatium citius decurrerit æthræ,
  Occidua propius tendit ad ima rota.

Optima prima subit, quæ vivida pullulat ætas,
  Sanguine dum tepido læta juventa calet;
Hac semel elapsa, pejora prioribus usque,
  Tempora dant tristes pessima facta vices.

Difficilis, virgo, ne sis nimis! utere vita:
  Dum licet, est pulcræ conciliandus Hymen;
Nam simul aruerit viridis flos gratior ævi,
  Non patitur lentas marcida forma moras.

B.

XXII.

ΟΡΕΣΤΗΣ.

Ω ΜΗΤΕΡ, ἱκετεύω σε, μὴ 'πίσειέ μοι
τὰς αἱματωποὺς καὶ δρακοντώδεις κόρας·
αὗται γάρ, αὗται πλησίον θρώσκουσί μου.

Ὦ Φοῖβ', ἀποκτενοῦσί μ' αἱ κυνώπιδες,
γοργῶπες, ἐνέρων ἱέριαι, δειναὶ θεαί.

Μέθες· μί' οὖσα τῶν ἐμῶν Ἐρινύων
μέσον μ' ὀχμάζεις, ὡς βάλῃς μ' εἰς Τάρταρον.

Δὸς τόξα μοι κερουλκά, δῶρα Λοξίου,
οἷς μ' εἶπ' Ἀπόλλων ἐξαμύνεσθαι θεάς,
εἴ μ' ἐκφοβοῖεν μανιάσιν λυσσήμασι.

Οὐκ εἰσακούετ', οὐχ ὁρᾶθ' ἑκηβόλων
τόξων πτερωτὰς γλυφίδας ἐξορμωμένας;
ἆ, ἆ· τί δῆτα μέλλετ'; ἐξακρίζετ' αἰθέρα
πτεροῖς· τὰ Φοίβου δ' αἰτιᾶσθε θέσφατα.
ἔα. τί χρῆμ' ἀλύω, πνεῦμ' ἀνεὶς ἐκ πνευμόνων;
ποῖ ποῖ ποθ' ἡλάμεσθα δεμνίων ἄπο;
ἐκ κυμάτων γὰρ αὖθις αὖ γαλήν' ὁρῶ.
ξύγγονε, τί κλάεις, ὄμμα θεῖσ' εἴσω πέπλων;
αἰσχύνομαί σοι μεταδιδοὺς πόνων ἐμῶν,
ὄχλον τε παρέχω παρθένῳ νόσοις ἐμαῖς.
μὴ τῶν ἐμῶν ἕκατι συντήκου κακῶν.

Eurip. Orest.

XXII.

Orestes.

His furit, his amens Dirisque agitatus Orestes,
  Eripiens ægro pallida membra toro.
"Mater Io! miserere! en juxta insultat Erinnys!
  En quatit ultrici flagra facesque manu!
Phœbe juva! fremit en! fremit illa infecta recenti
  Sanguine! Gorgoneas insonat illa minas!
Tartara! nonne vides? inhiant mihi Tartara! raptumque
  Horribili amplexu torva Megæra trahit!
Phœbe juva! tu caussa mali, tua jussa secuto
  Da pharetram, in Furias da mihi tela meas!
Ite procul! procul ite! volat levis ecce sagitta!
  Vindicet imperium Delius ipse suum!
Jam fugiunt! audin' stridentes aëre pennas?
  Audin'? jamque procul sibila dira sonant!
Hei mihi! quo rapior? quianam spuma ora madescunt?
  Sudantque, et raptim membra agitata tremunt?
Vix in languentes redit æger spiritus artus,
  Et datur in tantis, heu! mora parva malis.
O dilecta soror, nostro confecta dolore,
  Quorsum adeo peplis os adoperta gemis?
Cur video tibi, dum nostros solare labores,
  Virgineos luctu deperiisse dies?
Eripe te his lacrymis; neque enim, carissima, vellem
  Te mecum has miseras participare vices."

G.

XXIII.

Song.

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it;
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

Shakspeare.

XXIV.

Detraction.

Lie on — while my revenge shall be
To speak the very truth of thee.

Earl Nugent.

XXIII.

Μολε δὴ μόλε μοι, Θάνατ', εὐχομένῳ,
πλευρὰν δ' ἐχέτω κυπάρισσος ἐμήν·
ἀπὸ δῆτ' ἀπό μοι πνεῦμα ποτᾶσθω,
κτείνει γὰρ ἁβρὰ κτείνει με κόρη.
νῦν δὴ λευκὴν ἐσθῆτα νεκρῶν,
μελανόστικτον σμίλακι πᾶσαν,
σπεύσατ' ἐμὴν χάριν, ᾧ ξυναρέσθαι
τῶν πιστοτάτων οὐδ' εἷς ἄρ' ἔτλη
μοῖραν θανάτου.
μηδ' ἐπὶ πλεκτὴν χάριν ἀνθήρη
βαλέτω τις ἐμῇ λάρνακι λυγρᾷ·
μηδέ τις ὀστᾶ πρόβλητα φίλων
καὶ σῶμ' ἐπίδῃ δείλαιον ἐμόν.
μῆχος δ' ἀχέων μυριοπληθῶν,
ἀποκρύψαθ' ὅπου μή τις ἑταίρων
πλαγχθεὶς δυσέρως
τύμβον παρ' ἐμὸν γόον ἥσει.

J. R.

XXIV.

Detrectator.

Impune tot nobis ut ingeras
Tam falsa tu convicia!
Plectere, pœnam dans gravissimam:
De te quod est verum audies.

G.

XXV.

To Celia.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
  And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
  And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
  Doth ask a drink divine;
But, might I of Jove's nectar sip,
  I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
  Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
  It might not withered be:
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
  And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
  Not of itself, but thee.

Ben Jonson.

XXV.

Propinatio ad Celiam.

LUMINIBUS prior ipsa tuis, mea vita, propines,
  Sic referent gratas mox mea rite vices;
Sive libet roseis pateræ dare basia labris,
  Imprime, et iste mero dulcior haustus erit.
Nam mihi quæ dudum fervet sitis ægra sub imo
  Pectore, sola deûm vult sibi vina dari.
Verum ego, et ipsius biberem si nectar Olympi,
  Jurarem hoc labris postposuisse tuis.

Purpuream nuper misi tibi, cara, corollam
  (Parvula, et haud meritis munera digna tuis);
Et dixi arridens: "Dominæ si forte placebis,
  Iste tuus nunquam, crede, peribit odor."
Quæ, simul afflaras divino ex ore, trementes
  Protinus in nostras jussa redire manus,
Jam proprium subito nescit mutata decorem,
  Et tuus ex illo tempore mansit honos.

W. L.

XXVI.

As bees
In spring-time, when the Sun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In clusters: they among fresh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothëd plank,
The suburb of their straw-built citadel,
New-rubbed with balm, expatiate and confer
Their state affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarmed and were straightened; till, the signal give
Behold a wonder! They, but now who seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons,
Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels, by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while overhead the Moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course; they, on their mirth and dan
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Milton.

XXVI.

Ac veluti, quum Solis equos accepit anhelos
Taurus, apesque novo jam prima examina vere
Emisere favis, pendentia more racemi:
Illæ inter flores et prata recentia rore
Huc illuc volitant, tabulis aut levibus, ante
Stramineas arces, primo jam melle madentes,
Exspatiantur, et in medium consulta reponunt.
Haud secus aëriæ densantur in agmina turbæ;
Inde datum accipiunt signum, et mirabile dictu!
Quorum magni artus, et membra immania nuper
Visa giganteam Telluris vincere prolem,
Nanorum in parvas subito collecta figuras
Innumera angustis spatiis stipantur, ut illa
Gens Pygmæa, olim super Indos accola montes;
Naiadumve chori graciles, parvæque Napææ,
Quarum forte jocos media sub nocte colonus
Fontis aquam prope, vel serus sub tegmine luci,
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat: super arbitra cœlo
Luna sedens, terræ propior, deductaque ab alto,
Pallentes invertit equos; choreisque jocisque
Gens intenta, aures divino carmine mulcet.
Olli mixta metu pertentant gaudia pectus.

J. G. L.

XXVII.

The Rose.

As late each flower that sweetest blows
I plucked, the garden's pride,
Within the petals of a rose
A sleeping Love I spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
Of many a lucent hue;
All purple glowed his cheek beneath,
Inebriate with dew.

I softly seized the unguarded Power,
Nor scared his balmy rest,
And placed him, caged within the flower,
On spotless Sarah's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
Awoke the prisoner sweet,
He struggled to escape awhile,
And stamped his fairy feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
Subdued the impatient boy;
He gazed, he thrilled with deep delight,
Then clapped his wings for joy.

XXVII.

Rosa.

DUM, quæcunque viget copia narium,
Horti delicias persequor, in rosæ
    Nuper flore jacentem
        Vidi forte Cupidinem.

Lumen cui rutilæ tempora tæniæ
Ambit versicolor; purpureæ genæ
    Subter dulce coruscis
        Ardent roribus ebriæ.

Incautum tenera corripui manu
Somnos ne placidos discuterem, et sinus
    Sic in flore revinctum
        Saræ sub niveos tuli.

At dulcem ut puerum deseruit sopor,
Fraudis continuo nescius in fugam
    Jactat membra parumper,
        Et parvis pedibus micat.

Ah victrix animi gratia quam cito
Iratum edomuit! Spectat, et intimum
    Cor dulcedine tactus
        Pennas lætitia quatit.

"And oh!" he cried, "of magic kind
What charms this throne endear?
Some other Love let Venus find,
I'll fix my empire here."

Coleridge.

XXVIII.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away;
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a heart can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
Oh! the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close!
As the sun-flower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Moore.

Atque "Hæc unde capit sic magicis," ait,
"Sedes illecebris? Ilicet alterum
Mater quærat Amorem,
Hic nostro imperio domus."

G. S.

XXVIII.

Tam cupidis hodie quem specto blandus ocellis
Iste tuus dulci vernus in ore decor,
Crede, meis si cras fugeret mutatus in ulnis,
Qualia quæ Nymphæ dant fugitura deæ;
Fidus adhuc cultor toto te corde foverem;
Cara fores pariter, facta venusta minus;
Interea, priscæ tibi per vestigia formæ
Nexilis æterna fronde vireret amor.

Dum tibi nec turpis veneres prædabitur ætas,
Lacryma nec teneras polluet ægra genas,
Non poterunt ea, queis fies labentibus annis
Carior, ardentem corda probare fidem.
Frigida nam nescit verax oblivia pectus,
Et manet ad finem, qui fuit ante calor;
Ut Clytie, quo mane suum veneratur, eodem
Deperit obtutu vespere fixa deum.

B.

XXIX.

Ex Anthologia.

Ερμογενη τὸν ἰατρὸν ἰδὼν Διόφαντος ἐν ὕπνοις,
Οὐκ ἔτ' ἀνηγέρθη καὶ περίαμμα φέρων.

XXX.

Antipholus loquitur.

There 's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Ev'n now a tailor called me in his shop,
And showed me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Shakspeare.

XXIX.

Somnium lethale.

SANGRADII Neæra viderat
 In somniis imaginem:
Phantasiæ inanis ecce quanta vis!
 Misella nam statim perit,
Perit, ut periret æger, ipse quem
 Inviseret Sangradius.

G.

XXX.

NEMO 'st eorum qui obviam occurrunt mihi
Quin me salutet hîc tam familiariter:
Me nomine unusquisque compellat meo.
Aliu' dat argentum, aliu' cœnatum vocat;
Hic propter officia grates agit mihi;
Ostendit ille merces, utque emam rogat:
Dudum in tabernam me vocat sartor suam,
Monstransque pannum quem mea caussa emerat,
Exinde formam corporis dimensus est.
Per pol inanes insidiæ sunt hæ, puto,
Habentque in urbe hac Thessalæ veneficæ.

W.B.J.

XXXI.

The Splendid Shilling.

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town Hall, repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he, each circling glass,
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
(Wretched repast!) my meagre corse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent.

* * * * * *

XXXI.

Bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

Felix, cui, modica non deficiente crumena,
Tinnulus argenteo splendescit lumine nummus!
Ostrea non frustra gratam venalia cœnam
Nunciat impranso raucus per compita præco;
Nec gemit optatos, ceu Tantalus alter, ad haustus,
Musta quibus siccas recreant Cerealia fauces:
Nocte sed obscura, lepidis stipatus amicis,
Hospes adit celebrem pingui nidore popinam;
Qua satur, et teneri ducens fomenta caloris,
Dulce memor prodit nomen, "bene Phyllida," dicens.
Ebibit interea quos tosta remittit odores
Herba, per angustum fumo spirante canalem;
Excutit effusos hilaris dum fabula risus,
Lusus et ambiguo captans jocularia verbo.
Ipse ego, qui curtæ patior jejunia mensæ,
Relliquiis pascor miseris, et vilibus offis,
Arida vix acida tingenti guttura vappa.
Tunc vagor in plateis solus; scalasve per altas
Culminibus repetens vicina cubilia summis,
Frigidus afflatu digitos consolor inertes;
Aut tubulo, veteri nigro fuligine, fumos
Ore traho tetræ quos halitus evomit herbæ.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by Gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends.
With vocal heel, thrice thundering at my gate,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole: straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Entrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forbode: in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye Gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the Gods
With force incredible, and magic charms
Erst have endued: If he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious, (as whilome knights were wont,)

Atque ibi dum vacuus queror illætabilis horæ
Tædia, prorepens subit implacabile monstrum,
Creditor! aëriam gradibus qui scandit ad arcem
Composito vultu catus, incessuque silenti.
Calce ter insultans, sævo ferit impete portam,
Voce ter inclamat dira; mala verbera nosco,
Pestiferosque sonos, et flebilis omina chartæ!
Heu! quid agam? quo terga dabo? qua parte latescam,
Mentis inops ærisque simul? me cella tenebris
Eripit in fœdis, carbonibus apta repostis.
Egelidos subitus manat mihi sudor in artus,
Stantque pavore comæ, et tremulis vox faucibus hæret,
Tanta viri macies, rugosaque pallet imago!
Dextra minax tabulas longa ratione notatas,
(Dî nobis meliora, horroremque hostibus illum!)
Porrigit: huic similis succedit pone minister,
Fronte truci, dictus mortali nomine Lictor:
Cui digitos mira Superi virtute tenaces
In genus armarunt nostrum; quos debitor uncos
Sentiat infixos humero si forte sequaci,
It comes infelix (eques incantatus ut olim,)

To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him ; 'till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

J. Philips, Ch. Ch. Oxford, 1703.

XXXII.

The Redbreast.

The Redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is;
Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet.

Thomson.

In magicas clausis munitas turribus ædes:
Nec miser e duro labi custode valebit,
Quam prius aut Maiæ proles, inopumve misertus
Jupiter aurifero vindex descenderit imbri.

B.

XXXII.

Rubecula.

INGENUÆ mentis, pulcræque Rubecula formæ,
Conviva, et nostris hospes amica focis,
Quæ patrios olim campos saltusque relinquis,
Frigus ubi et brumæ sævior hora venit;
Et rostro primum pulsans alaque fenestram,
Exiguo fundis gutture dulce melos:
Jamque ipso trepidans hæres in limine, jamque
Perlustras dubio lumine cauta domum;
Frustula tum raptim excipiens furtiva recedis,
Mox repetis tenuem non satiata cibum;
Hospitium donec certosque experta Penates,
Lascivis nostros fortior ante pedes.
Huc iterum, (hiberno frigent namque omnia cœlo,
Et glacie, et posita stat nive canus ager,)
Huc fidenter ades: non te mala vincla manebunt,
Sed domus et simplex, et sine fraude Lares.

G.

XXXIII.

The Ocean.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll.
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed; nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

Byron.

XXXIV.

The Rainbow.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky!
So was it, when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be, when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

Wordsworth.

XXXIII.

ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ.

Καυζεο, *κυανέη βαθυδινήεσσα θάλασσα,*
μυρίαι ἦν τ' ἄλλως νηῶν στίχες ἐκπερόωσιν.
ἔφθαρται μὲν γαῖ' ὑπ' ὀλοῇσι φρεσὶν ἀνδρῶν,
ἄνδρας δ' αἰγιαλὸς περί περ κρατέοντας ἐέργει.
ὑγρῷ δ' ἐν πεδίῳ εἴ τις φθόρος αἰνὸς ἐτύχθη,
ἐκ σέθεν εὔχεται εἶναι· ἐφάνθη δ' οὐδέ τι τέκμαρ
ἀνδρῶν, ὅσσον ὄνειρος, ὀλέθρια ἔργα πυθέσθαι,
πλὴν αὐτῶν τινὸς ὀλλυμένου, ὅς τ' εἴκελος ὄμβρῳ
σοῖς φάνῃ ἐν βένθεσσι μίνυνθά περ οὔ τι μάλα δήν,
αἶψά τ' ἀνεβρόχθη, περὶ δ' ἔστενε κῦμα χανόντα,
οὐ τάφῳ οὐδὲ γόοισι κεκαδμένον οὐδὲ λέβητι.

J. R.

XXXIV.

Iris.

Pectus exultat trepidum, videnti
Iridis septemgeminos honores:
Hoc erat dudum puero, hoc viriles
Fluxit in annos,
Hoc seni detur precor,—aut perire:
Nam virum gignit puer; inde nostræ
Mutua vellem pietate nexa
Tempora vitæ.

W. B. J.

XXXV.

Dirge in Cymbeline.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear,
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their midnight crew:
The female Fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

XXXV.

In Tumulum Fidelis Nænia.

QUA tua nunc gelida pallentia morte, Fidelis,
Pulcra sub herboso cespite membra jacent,
Ruricolæque simul pueri teneræque puellæ
Serta dabunt memori sæpe ferenda manu.
Flos inerit nascens, qui se prior explicat, omnis,
Quotque novum spirat Ver rapientur opes.

Non poterunt querula stridentes voce per auras
Hoc placidum manes sollicitare nemus;
Rustica sed pubes venient; timidusque pudicæ
Virginis hic molli se vice prodet amor.

Arida non Stygios audebit saga tumultus,
Non Lemures diros nocte ciere choros;
Cura sed innocuis hæc fient pascua Nymphis,
Ut tibi, qua tegeris, gemmea roret humus.

Pectore de rubro cui nomen amabilis ales
Sæpe pius tenuem vespere junget opem,
Floribus ut lectis et cani vellere musci
Conciliet tumulo quod licet ipse decus.

When howling winds and beating rain
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell,
Or midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved, 'till life could charm no more;
  And mourned, 'till pity's self be dead.

Collins.

XXXVI.

Ex Anthologia.

Οτ γάμον, ἀλλ' Ἀΐδαν ἐπινυμφίδιον Κλεαρίστα
  δέξατο, παρθενίας ἅμματα λυομένα.
ἄρτι γὰρ ἑσπέριοι νύμφας ἐπὶ δικλίσιν ἄχευν
  λωτοί, καὶ θαλάμων ἐπλαταγεῦντο θύραι·
ἠῷος δ' ὀλολυγμὸς ἀνέκραγεν, ἐν δ' Ὑμέναιος
  σιγαθεὶς γοερὸν φθέγμα μεθαρμόσατο.
αἱ δ' αὐταὶ καὶ φέγγος ἐδᾳδούχουν παρὰ παστῷ
  πεῦκαι, καὶ φθιμένᾳ νέρθεν ἔφαινον ὁδόν.

Sive fremat ventus rapidi cum verbere nimbi,
  Et quatiat fragilem turbinis ira casam;
Sive feras noti sectemur in æquore campi;
  Admonitus de te multa revolvet amor.

Plena tui referent nobis te sola locorum,
  Debitus et lacrymæ non tibi deerit honos.
Dulcis eras, animum donec non amplius ægrum
  Hæc potuit grata vita juvare mora;
Donec et exstincto nequeat miserescere sensu
  Ipse dolor, luctus causa perennis eris.

B.

XXXVI.

Meleagri Epigramma.

NON genialis erat tibi, sed, Clearista, rogalis,
  Quo fuit in tristi zona soluta toro.
Vespere nam nuptæ festum tibicine limen
  Et thalami pulsæ perstrepuere fores;
Mane graves planctus trepidas sonuere per ædes,
  Mutus et est querula voce fugatus Hymen.
Quæ modo consortem lecti deduxit habendam
  Conjugis ad lætam pronuba tæda domum;
Ipsa (nefas!) eadem pompam comitata supremam
  Præfuit infernæ dux minus apta viæ.

B.

XXXVII.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa, Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean;
I'm wearing awa
  To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's nae cauld there, Jean;
The day is aye fair
  In the land o' the leal.

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean;
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
  To the land o' the leal.
Our bonny bairn's there, Jean;
She was baith guid and fair, Jean;
O! we grudged her right sair
  To the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee, Jean;
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
  To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
  In the land o' the leal.

Burns.

XXXVII.

ΜΑΚΑΡΩΝ ΝΗΣΟΙ.

Φθινω, *φθίνω, φιλίστη,*
χιὼν ὅπως ὑπ' ἦρος·
ἀποφθίνω, φιλίστη,
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτήν.
ἐκεῖ μὲν ἄλγος οὐδέν,
ἐκεῖ δέ κρυμὸς οὐδείς·
γελανὲς αἰὲν ἦμαρ
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῇ.

σὲ δ' εὐσεβῆ, σὲ δ' ἐσθλήν,
παύω πόνων μὲν ἄρτι,
λαμπρὸς δ' ἐσόψομ' αὖθις
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῇ.
ἐκεῖ καλῶν ἀρίστη
παῖς νῷν φίλη μετοικεῖ·
τῆς δ' ἐφθονοῦμεν αἰνῶς
εὐδαιμόνων τότ' ἀκτῇ.

σὺ δ' ὑγρὸν ὄμμ' ὄμορξαι·
ψυχὴ ποθεῖ χαλᾶσθαι·
θεοὺς δ' ἔχω προπόμπους
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτήν.
καὶ χαῖρέ μοι, φιλίστη·
βροτῶν μὲν οὔτις ἀλκή,
ἀλλ' εὖ ξυνοῦσιν ἔσται
εὐδαιμόνων ἐπ' ἀκτῆς.

J. R.

XXXVIII.

The Laurel.

'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took root
A laurel in the grove.

Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks never shorn
No meaner leaf was seen;
And poets sage, in every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and conquerors thanked the gods
With laurel chaplets crowned.

Into the mists of fabling time
So far runs backs the praise
Of beauty, which disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation, power defies,
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.

Wordsworth.

XXXVIII.

Laurus.

Phœbus, ut prisci memorant poetæ,
Siqua per sylvam placuisset arbos,
Nectere auratos solitus capillos
Fronde decora:
Donec audacem fugiens amorem
Constitit Daphne, et precibus petita
Stirpe decrescens, nova laurus almis
Se dedit umbris.

Conscius culpæ miseransque Raptor
Cœpit ex illo redimire dios
Laurea crines, neque viliorem
Ferre coronam.
Inde per cunctos pia turba vatum
Laurea frontem religavit annos;
Inde Dis pugnæ sacra laureatus
Solvere victor.

Sic ab arcanis veterum tenebris
Fama virtutis repetenda castæ,
Turpium audentis vetitos honorum
Spernere calles:
Quæ, nisi juncti coeant amores,
Dona contemnit, neque cedet armis;
Provocans morti, nisi laus supersit
Integra vitæ.

R. P.

XXXIX.

The last Man.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
  The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
  Its immortality.
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
  Adown the gulf of Time;
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
  As Adam saw her prime.

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,
  The earth with age was wan,
The skeletons of nations were
  Around that lonely man:
Some had expired in fight, — the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
  In plague and famine some.
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
  To shores where all was dumb.

XXXIX.

ΠΑΝΤΑ τὰν γαίᾳ δνόφος ἐγκαλύψει,
ἁλίῳ καὐτῷ γε θανεῖν ἀνάγκα,
πρὶν λαβεῖν θνατὸν τόδε σῶμα τὸ ζῆν
ἄφθιτον αἰές.
φάσμα κοιμαθέντι πέφηνε κἀμοί,
φάσμ', ὃ ταῖς ἐμαῖς πραπίδεσσιν ἀλκὰν
δῶκε νήχεσθαι τὸν ἄβυσσον αἰῶ-
-νος κατὰ κόλπον.
λοίσθιος πέφηνε γένους βροτείου,
λοίσθιος βροτῶν βροτός, ᾧ πέπρωται
εἰσορᾶν χρόνου τέλος, ὥς ποτ' ἀρχὰν
εἶδεν Ἄδαμος.

Ἁλίου φῶς ἦν τι νοσῶδες· ὠχρὰ δ'
ἦν ὁρᾶν χθὼν γηραλέα· καμόντων
ὅστε' ἐθνῶν ἀμπὶ τὸν ἄνδρα κῆνον
μοῦνον ἔπυθεν·
οἱ μὲν ἐν μάχῃ πέσον, ἐν γὰρ αὔαις
δοῦρ' ἔτ' εὐρώεντα σέσαπε χερσίν·
ἦσαν οἳ λίμῳ φθάρεν, ἦσαν οὓς ἀπ-
-ώλεσε λοῖμος.
οὔτινα κτύπον ποδός, οὔτιν' αὐδὰν
ἔσχον αἱ πόλεις· νεκύων γέμουσαι
προσπελάζοντ' ἀϊόνεσσ' ἀφώνοις
πάντοσε νᾶες.

Yet, prophet-like, the lone one stood,
  With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sear leaves from the wood,
  As if a storm passed by;
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
  Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'T is Mercy bids thee go;
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
  That shall no longer flow.

"This spirit shall return to Him
  That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
  When thou thyself art dark.
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;
  By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
  And took the sting from Death.

Στῇ δ' ὅμως κῆνος μόνος ὤν, ἐρᾶμος,
μάντις ὥς, δεινοῖς ἐπέεσσ' ἀταρβής,
οἷσι τᾶς ὕλας ἐδονοῦντο φύλλα
ξηρά, θυέλλας
ὡς παρελθοίσας—Διδύμω γ', ὑπέρφρον
Ἄλι', ἐσμὲν δὴ διδύμω θανόντε·
ὄμμα γὰρ τέτακε τεόν, τεὸν δρό-
μημα τελεῖται·
ζῆν ἔτ' οἰκτίρμων Θεὸς οὐκ ἐᾷ σέ·
καὶ γὰρ αἰώνων διὰ μυρίων ἂν
ῥεῖν ἴδες παγὰν δακρύων βροτοῖς οὐ
ῥεύσεται αὖθις.

Ἄδε τοι ψυχὰ πάλιν εἰς Ἐκεῖνον,
δῖον ὃς σπινθῆρα παρεῖχ', ἄνεισιν,
ἀλλ' ὅταν κρύψῃ σκοτία σε καὐτόν,
οὔ τοι ἀμαυρὰ
(μὴ τὺ προσδόκα τόδε γ') ἔσται, οὔ τοι·
αὖθις αὖ βιώσεται, ἔκ τε λάμψει
σοῖσιν ἀγνώστῳ γλεφάροις ἐν αἴγλᾳ·
τοῦτο δ' ἐγερθὲν
σῶμ' ἀναστάσει Θεός, ὃς τὸ δουλοῦν
ἆγε δουλώσας, Θεὸς ὃς τὸ νικᾶν
ἥρπασ' ἐξ Ἀΐδου, τό τε κέντρον ἐξεῖ-
λεν Θανάτοιο.

"Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
  On Nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
  Of grief that man shall taste; —
Go tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
  On earth's sepulchral clod; —
The darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
  Or shake his trust in God."

Campbe

XL.

Ex Anthologia.

Πουλυ Λεωνίδεω κατιδὼν δέμας αὐτοδάϊκτον
  Ξέρξης, ἐχλαίνου φάρεϊ πορφυρέῳ·
κὰκ νεκύων δ' ἤχησεν ὁ τᾶς Σπάρτας μέγας ἥρως,
  Οὐ δέχομαι προδόταις μισθὸν ὀφειλόμενον·
ἀσπίς μοι τύμβου κόσμος μέγας, ἔρρε τὰ Περσῶν,
  ἥξω κεἰς 'Αΐδην ὡς Λακεδαιμόνιος.

Νῦν ἴθ' (οἰκτίρμων με τέως ὁ Δαίμων
τάνδ' ἐραμίαν φοβερὰν ἐνοικοῦντ'
ὧδ' ἀνίσχει, πῶμα πάθους τόδ' ὕστα-
-τον, τόδε πικρὸν
ἐκπιόντ', οὗ μήποτε γεύσεταί τις
αὖθις) ἀγγελῶν ἴθι Νυκτὶ τῇ σὸν
ὄμμα κρυψοίσῃ τάχα, καὶ λέγ' ὡς τὸν
λοίσθιον ἐκ τᾶς
πρῶτος ἂν Ἄδαμος ἔφυσε γέννας
εἶδες ἐν γυαῖς νεκροδέγμονος γᾶς
ὧδέ σοι καυχώμενον ἀμβοᾶν, ὡς
οὐδ' ὅλος ὄρφνᾳ
συγχυθεὶς κόσμος σκοτίᾳ δύναιτ' ἂν
ἢ σβέσαι τὰν ἄφθιτον ἐλπίδ' ἔνδον
σταθέων, ἢ τῷ Θεῷ εὖ πεποιθὸς
κῆρ στυφελίξαι.

H. H.

XL.

Leonidas.

GRANDE Leonideum projectum in littore corpus
Xerxes purpurea veste tegi voluit.
At vox e terra est ingens audita, "Recuso
Quæ læsam arguerent turpia dona fidem:
Nil mihi cum Persis, clypeus sat funus honestat,
Ibo etiam ad manes ut Lacedæmonius."

G.

XLI.

I FEED the clouds, the rainbow, and the flowers
With their ethereal colours; the moon's globe
And the pure stars in their eternal bowers
Are cinctured with my power, as with a robe;
  Whatever lamps on earth and heaven may shi
  Are portions of one power, which is mine.

I stand at noon upon the peak of heaven,
Then with unwilling steps I wander down
Into the clouds of the Atlantic even;
For grief that I depart they weep and frown:
  What look is more delightful than the smile
  With which I soothe them from the western i

Shell

XLII.

Song.

TELL me, where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishëd?

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
  Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
  Ding, dong, bell.

Shaksp

XLI.

Irin ego, et nebulas, et serta rubentia campis
Ætherii puro fonte coloris alo:
Lunaque et æternis splendentia sedibus astra,
Tanquam veste, meo numine cincta nitent.
Si quas terra faces, si quas suspendit Olympus,
Vis una accendit, vis ea tota mea est.

Luce adsto media sublimis vertice cœli,
Mox in Atlantei nubila rubra maris
Descendo invitus lento pede: tristia circum
Discessu horrescunt illacrymantque meo;
Quis tamen aspectus risu jucundior illo,
Quum mœsta occiduo mulcet ab axe jubar?

J. G. L.

XLII.

ΕΡΩΣ.

Πα ποκά μοι γεννατὸς Ἔρως, πόθεν ἔρχεται πότ' ἄμμε;
ἐκ τεῦ δ' ἔβλαστε, κρατὸς αἴτε καρδίας;
πόθεν τεκνωθείς, πῶς τραφεὶς πεφύκη;

Τῆνος ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν, ἐμὶν δοκεῖ· εἶτ' ἐβωκολῆτο
λεύσσων, θανὼν τ' ἐν σπαργάνοισι θάπτεται.
ταφέντα δ' αἰάσδωμες αὐτόν· αἰαῖ.
αἰαῖ. αἰαῖ.

W. B. J.

XLIII.

The Rose.

THE rose had been washed, just washed in a shower,
Which Mary to Anna conveyed;
The plentiful moisture encumbered the flower,
And weighed down its beautiful head.

The cup was all filled, and the leaves were all wet;
And it seemed to a fanciful view,
To weep for the buds it had left with regret
On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so dripping and drowned;
And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!
I snapped it, it fell to the ground.

"And such," I exclaimed, "is the pitiless part
Some act by the delicate mind,
Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart
Already to sorrow resigned.

"This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,
Might have bloomed with its owner awhile;
And the tear, that is wiped with a little address,
May be followed perhaps by a smile."

Cowper.

XLIII.

Rosa.

QUAM modo proluerat subiti violentia nimbi,
  Æmiliæ lectam detulit Anna rosam.
Humida languentem vexabat copia florem,
  Et caput ambrosium triste gravabat onus.
Flebat enim, aut posses tibi fingere flere tuenti,
  Et folia et plenum tota rigata sinum;
Dum lacrymans sobolem desiderat orba relictam,
  Quam modo nativa mater alebat ope.
Ocyus arripui, multo licet imbre maderet,
  Deliciis aptus nec satis esset odor.
Dumque roto celeri nimis, heu! nimis, impete circum,
  Frangitur, in luteam flos cadit actus humum.
"Haud secus illepido teneros," ego dicere, "quendam
  Vidimus officio sollicitare sinus:
Qui, male solatus, studio cruciaret inepto
  Pectora jam luctus docta tacere suos.
Dura pepercisset modo si manus, iste parumper
  Cum rosea pulcer flos viguisset hera;
Et bene si lacrymam siccaris, forte sequentur
  Frons levis, et risu grata labella novo."

B.

XLIV.

The Joy of Grief.

ION. CLEMANTHE.

Ion. No, thou must live, my fair one.
There are a thousand joyous things in life
Which pass unheeded in a life of joy,
As thine hath been, till breezy sorrow comes
To ruffle it; and daily duties paid
Hardly at first, at length will bring repose
To the sad mind that studies to perform them.
Thou dost not mark me.
Clem. Oh, I do! I do!
Ion. If for thy brother's and thy father's sake
Thou art content to live, the healer Time
Will reconcile thee to the lovely things
Of this delightful world.

Talfourd

XLV.

The Traveller.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt or wandering Po,
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravelled, fondly turns to thee,
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Goldsmith

XLIV.

ΙΩΝ. ΚΛΗΜΑΝΘΗ.

Ι. Ουκ ἔστι ταῦτα· ζῆν σε δεῖ, φίλον κάρα.
πόλλ' ἔστι τερπνὰ τῆσδε τῆς ζωῆς ἰδεῖν,
ἃ λανθάνει φεύγοντ' ἐν εὐεστοῖ φίλῃ,
οἵαν πρὶν ἦγες, ἔστε δὴ λύπης πνοὴ
ἔλθῃ, θύελλ' ὅπως τις· ἀλλ' εἴ τις τελῶν
ἃ χρὴ κατ' ἦμαρ τλημόνως θυμῷ πονεῖ
μόγις τὸ πρῶτον, ἐν χρόνῳ φέρει τάδε
σχολήν τιν' ἄτης κἀνάπαυλαν ἐκ κακῶν.
ξυνῆκας, ὦ παῖ;
Κ. Πᾶν γ' ὅσον λέγεις, ἄναξ·
Ι. Εἰ δ' αὖ πατρός τε καὶ κασιγνήτου χάριν
τλαίης ἔτι ζῆν, καὶ σέ γ' ἐς τέλος ποτὲ
ἴσως Χρόνος δύναιτ' ἄν, εὐμαρὴς θεός,
τερπνοῦ διδάσκειν ἡδονὰς στέργειν βίου.

J. G. L.

XLV.

Desiderium.

Repit ubi Scaldis piger, aut Padus errat amœnus,
Te procul ut lentus, tristis, egenus eo,
Quas mea cunque feram vestigia solus in oras,
Te pia non mecum corda vagata petunt:
Sponte petunt fratrem, sine fine dolentia: crescit
Longior ex omni tracta catena gradu.

B.

XLVI.

It was the spring, and newly risen day
Peeped o'er the hamlets on the first of May;
My eyes, too tender for the blaze of light,
Still sought the shelter of retiring night,
When Love approached in painted plumes arrayed,
The insidious god his rattling darts betrayed,
Nor less his infant features, and the sly
Sweet intimations of his threatening eye.
Such the Sigean boy is seen above
Filling the goblet for imperial Jove;
Such he on whom the Nymphs bestowed their charms
Hylas, who perished in a Naiad's arms:
Angry he seemed, yet graceful in his ire,
And added threats, not destitute of fire.

XLVII.

To a female Cupbearer.

Come, Leila, fill the goblet up,
Reach round the rosy wine:
Think not that we will take the cup
From any hand but thine.
A draught like this 't were vain to seek;
No grape can such supply;
It steals its tints from Leila's cheek,
Its brightness from her eye.

XLVI.

Ημος ὑπὲρ κώμας ἀνεφαίνετο ἱερὸν ἦμαρ,
ὥρῃ ἐν εἰαρινῇ, θέρεος νέον ἀρχομένοιο,
ὄσσε δέ μοι λαμπραῖς νικωμένω ἀκτίνεσσι
χαζούσης νυκτὸς δνοφερὴν ποθέεσκε καλυπτρήν,
τῆμος Ἔρως πτερύγεσσιν ἐχρίμπτετο δαιδαλέαισι
στίλβων, τὸν δ' ἐπιόντα βέλη καὶ καμπύλα τόξα
προὔφαινεν κλάγγοντ', ἔγνων δέ μιν, οὐδέ μ' ἔληθε
παιδὸς ἔχων νεαροῖο φύσιν καὶ χρῶτα μελιχρόν.
νεῦσε δὲ μειδιόων, δόλιον δέ οἱ ὄμμα φαάνθη.
τοῖος ἐὼν μορφὴν παῖς Δαρδάνου ἱπποδάμοιο
φαίνεται, ὃς κατ' Ὄλυμπον ὑπέρτατον οἰνοχοεύει
χρυσείοις δεπάεσσι Διῒ Κρονίωνι ἄνακτι·
τοῖος Ὕλας, τὸν πάντα χαριζόμεναι φιλέεσκον
Νυμφαὶ ἐϋπλόκαμοι, κοῦραι Διὸς αἰγιόχοιο,
Νηϊάδος λευκαῖσιν ὃς ὤλετ' ἐν ἀγκοινῇσι·
εἴσατο δ' ὀργισθέντι· τὸ δ' οὐκ ἀχάριστον ἐτύχθη.
ἠπείλησε δ' ἔπειτα, πυρὸς δ' οὐ δεύετ' ἀπειλή.

G. B.

XLVII.

Hebe Ministra.

Adde merum; cyathos age divide, Leila, rubentes;
  Nolumus ex alia pocula sumta manu.
Huic similem frustra cuperemus habere liquorem;
  Quamlibet haud talem nobilis uva parit.
Ille trahit Leilæ roseos ex ore colores,
  Ex oculis nitidas surripit ille faces.

B.

XLVIII.

Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady.

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

Pope.

XLVIII.

Elegeia.

At tibi languentes manus extera clausit ocellos,
  Extera composuit membra decora manus,
Addidit ignoto cultum manus extera busto,
  Externi luctus, exterus auxit amor.
Quid si pullati pro te non cernet amici
  Hora breves lacrymas, annus inane decus?
Quid si non videant simulati insignia luctus
  Urbani lusus, noctivagique chori?
Quid licet illacrymans tua non notet ossa Cupido,
  Mortua nec fallax exprimat ora lapis?
Si non sufficiat tellus sacrata sepulcrum,
  Nec capiat flentûm murmura sancta cinis?
At tumulus multo decoratus flore virebit,
  Urgebitque levi pondere terra sinum:
Asperget lacrymas nascens Aurora nitentes,
  Primasque educet ver geniale rosas;
Et loca velabunt Divi candentibus alis
  Exequiis tandem relligiosa tuis.

J. C.

XLIX.

The willing Captive.

You gave me last week a young linnet
Shut up in a fine golden cage;
Yet how sad the poor thing was within it!
Oh! how it did flutter and rage!
Then he moped and he pined
That his wings were confined,
Till I opened the door of his den:
Then, so merry was he!
And, because he was free,
He came to his cage back again.

Garrick.

L.

Ex Anthologia.

Ναυηγοῦ τάφος εἰμί· σὺ δὲ πλέε· καὶ γὰρ ὅθ' ἡμεῖς
ὀλλύμεθ', αἱ λοιπαὶ νῆες ἐποντοπόρουν.

LI.

On Cardinal Wolsey.

How high his Honour holds his haughty head,
Begot by butchers, and by beggars bred.

XLIX.

Odit Amor Servus Vincula, liber amat.

MISSA tui venit nuper mihi munus amoris
  Ales inauratæ carcere septa domus.
Ut rutilos crebro plangebat verbere casses!
  Quantus in irato pectore fervor erat!
Languida tunc pressum mœrebat questa volatum,
  Vindice me, laxæ dum patuere fores:
Gestiit exultans; et iniquis libera claustris
  Sponte redux gratum nunc petit ipsa larem.

B.

L.

In Tumulum Naufragi.

NAUFRAGUS hic perii: nihil est: per cærula tutam
  Carpebant reliqui, me pereunte, viam.

W. L.

LI.

In Wolseium.

QUAM gravis incedit Majestas ore supino,
Cui, laniis genitæ, de stipe victus erat!

B.

LII.

Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around
  Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
  A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

Gray.

LII.

In Cœmeterio.

Rettulit exequias lucis vox ferrea; reptat
Non sine mugitu per juga longa pecus.
Ipse domum tardo graditur pede fessus arator,
Et nocti et nobis terra relicta vacat.

Jamque oculos sensim sublustres fallere colles,
Omnis et in toto conticet aura polo.
Tantum clausa procul tinnitus ovilia mulcet
Somnifer, et resono cantharus orbe volat.

Interdum atque hedera vestitæ e culmine turris
Ad lunam auditur noctua mœsta queri;
Secretis siquis propius penetralibus errans
Rumpat inaccessæ jura vetusta domûs.

Audin' ut insanos animi cessare tumultus
Quæ spirat late pax veneranda jubet;
Eque solo tenui gratissima voce susurrat,
"Crede, manet fessos non violanda quies."

G. S.

LIII.

Job, xxxix.

Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

Canst thou make him afraid as a grashopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

LIII.

Μων αὖ τιν' ἵππος ἐκ σέθεν ῥώμην ἔχει,
ἢ σαῖσι δὴ βρονταῖσιν ἤσκηται δέρην;
ἢ σοῦ νιν αἱρεῖ δεῖμα, τέττιγος δίκην,
μυκτηροκόμποις ἐμπρέποντα πνεύμασι;
ὑπέρφροσιν δ' ὄνυξιν αὐλῶνας πατεῖ,
σθένει γεγηθώς· ἀντίος δ' ἐπέρχεται
χαλκοστόμοις λόχοισιν, οὐδαμοῦ τρέσας,
ἀλλ' ἐγγελᾷ φόβοισιν, οὐ σαίνων ξίφη.
πλευραῖς δὲ προσπιτνοῦντα κλαγγαίνει βέλη,
ἔγχη τε μαρμαίροντα καὶ σακῶν κύκλοι.
ῥοφῶν δὲ πέδιον ἐγκότοις φρυάγμασιν,
σάλπιγγος οὐκ ἤκουσεν οὐδέ περ κλύων·
ἀλλ' ἐν μέσῃ σάλπιγγος ἀλαλάζει βοῇ,
ὀσφραίνεται δὲ καὶ πρόσωθεν ὧν μάχης,
ταγῶν βρεμόντων παμμιγοῦς θ' ὁμοῦ στρατοῦ.

J. R.

LIV.

Live while you Live.

LIVE while you live, my Boys!
Yet while the lamp doth shine;
Gather your roses
Ere they decline.

Man makes himself both cares and pains;
He seeks for thorns, and thorns he gains;
But lets, alas! unheeded pass
The violet in his way!

Live while you live, my Boys!
Yet while the lamp doth shine;
Gather your roses
Ere they decline.

LV.

On a Monument in Melrose Abbey.

EARTH goeth on the earth glistering with gold,
Earth goeth to the earth sooner than it wold;
Earth buildeth on the earth palaces and towers,
Earth sayeth to the earth, "All shall be ours."

LIV.

Cito Pede labitur Aetas.

DUCITE vitales, Socii, dum vivitis, annos,
  Dum brevis hæc clara lux nitet alma face.
Carpite purpureos, æstatis munera, flores;
  Carpite fluxuras, dum sinit hora, rosas.
Ut sibi quisque parit curas, et plectitur ultro!
  Quærit, et invento se secat ipse rubo;
Obvia sed pedibus violaria negligit amens,
  Et miser oblato nescit odore frui.
Vivite vos, igitur, Socii, dum vita manebit,
  Sera nec obscura lux tremet ægra face.

B.

LV.

Inscriptio.

ΓΗΣ μὲν ἔπι στείχει χρυσῷ Γῆ παμφανόωσα,
  πρὸς δέ τε Γῆν κιάθει Γῆ πάρος ἢ φιλον ἦν·
Γῆς δ' ἔπι καὶ πυργοὺς καὶ δώματα Γῆ πεπόλισται,
  εἶπε δὲ Γῆ πρὸς Γῆν· Πάντα γὰρ ἄμ' ἔσεται.

J. R.

LVI.

Queen Mab.

O, THEN, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:

LVI.

Mabella Regina.

Ah! te, Mabba, meo choreas duxisse cerebro,
Suspicor, et mediis delituisse comis:—
Te, si vera fides, nulla Eileithuia poetæ
Promtior ingenio parturientis adest.
En! similis vitreo tua parvula forma lapillo,
Quem procerum gestat sardonycata manus:
Sicubi labentem nasis stertentibus axem
Flectis, agens atomos, tempore noctis, equos.
Vidi equidem—et, nostros terror nisi lusit ocellos—
Illa fuit domina digna quadriga sua:
Quippe inerant muscæque pedes, alæque cicadæ,
Utilis hæc tecto scilicet, illa rotis:
Texuerat minimo retinacula aranea filo,
Texuerat radiis luna capistra suis:
Addidit os grylli scuticam, membranula lorum:
Aurigam culicem russea læna tegit:
At nuce de cassa rhedam compegit, anilis
Sive opifex vermis sive sciurus erat;
Nam (nisi fama levis) Lemurum struxisse quadrigas
Tempore ab antiquo dictus uterque faber.
Hac tu, Diva, ruis pompa! comitatur euntem
Somnus, et incerto somnia nigra pede.
Ergo sive equites per amantis tempora, sive
Aulicolæ notum transgrediare genu;
Hic capite incurvo supplex cadit, ille puellam
Protinus in somnis credit adesse suam.

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep.

Shakspeare.

LVII.

Speech of the Genius of the Wood.

For know, by lot from Jove, I am the Power
Of this fair wood, and live in oaken bower,
To nurse the saplings tall, and curl the grove
With ringlets quaint, and wanton windings wove.
And all my plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisome winds, and blasting vapours chill:
And from the boughs brush off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blue,
Or what the cross dire-looking planet smites,
Or hurtful worm with cankered venom bites.
When evening gray doth rise, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallowed ground;
And early, ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbering leaves, or tasseled horn

Causidici digitos modo ludis imagine nummi;
Das modo virgineis oscula ficta genis;
Aut dum rite toro requiescit clericus alto,
Somniferi naso signa canente Dei,
Tum præsto intentas decumani fercula porci,
Labraque Tantaleis ludificare dolis.

C. W.

LVII.

FORMOSI Custos nemoris, Jove lectus ab ipso,
Hos saltus tueor præsens, quernaque sub umbra,
Cura mihi nutrire nova crescentia fronde
Virgulta, et graciles ramorum intexere flexus,
Nocturnosque meis ventos avertere plantis,
Frigoraque, infestasque auras: roremque malignum
Verrere de foliis; seu lævi fulguris ignes
Liventem rupto signarint cortice tractum,
Sive venenato turgentia germina morsu
Noxius infecit vermis, seu percutit astrum
Exitiale tuens; studium mihi dulce sacrumque
Vulnera sanare, et varias depellere pestes.
Vesper ubi pallente diem jam claudit amictu,
Assuetos peragro cursus, spatiorque per omnes
Secessus nemorum, et fontes, collesque sacratos;
Ante aut æthereis quam vivus odoribus almæ
Halitus Auroræ sopitas suscitet herbas
Frondesque, aut clarum quatiat nemora ardua cornu,

Shakes the high thicket, haste I all about,
Number my ranks, and visit every sprout
With puissant words, and murmurs made to bless
But else in deep of night, when drowsiness
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I
To the celestial Syrens' harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,
And turn the adamantine spindle round,
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie,
To lull the daughters of Necessity,
And keep unsteady Nature to her law,
And the low world in measured motion draw
After the heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould, with gross unpurgëd ear.

Milton.

LVIII.

Ex Anthologia.

Ην *νέος, ἀλλὰ πένης, νῦν γηρῶν πλούσιός εἰμι·*
ὢ μόνος ἐκ πάντων οἰκτρὸς ἐν ἀμφοτέροις·
ὃς τότε μὲν χρῆσθαι δυνάμην, ὁπότ' οὐδεὲν εἶχον,
νῦν δ' ὁπότε χρῆσθαι μὴ δύναμαι, τότ' ἔχω.

Jam per lustra vagor celeri pede, jamque revisens
Ordine quamque suo plantas, numerumque recensens,
Carmine lætifico, verbisque potentibus adsum.
Ast alta sub nocte, ubi vis lethæa soporis
Mortales clausit sensus, juvat æthere aperto
Sirenum exaudire modos. Illæ usque novenos
Desuper implexos orbes, clarosque meatus
Astrorum procul assidunt, ternasque Sorores
Divino mulcent cantu, dum fœdere certo
Fila adamanteis torquent vitalia fusis,
Unde deum atque hominum devolvi æquo ordine fata.
Usque adeo, miti imperio, vis blanda modorum
Delenire ipsas sacra dulcedine Parcas,
Instabilemque suas intra compescere leges
Naturam, et trahere æquato modulamine mundum
Ad cœleste melos: atqui non ire per auras
Humanas, sensumque hebetem, terrenaque claustra.

W.

LVIII.

Seræ Divitiæ.

PAUPER eram juvenis, senior sum dives, utraque
  Scilicet in vitæ conditione miser.
Queis uti poteram, cunctis tunc rebus egebam:
  Queis nequeo, cunctas nunc ego res habeo.

B.

LIX.

The Isles of Greece.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
  Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
  Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet;
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon,
  And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
  I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
  Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
  And men in nations, — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
  And when the sun set where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
  My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
  The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
  Degenerate into hands like mine?

Byron.

LIX.

O MARIS Ionii crebris freta consita terris!
Qua citharam Sapphus movit iniquus amor;
Qua viguere artes olim bellique togæque,
Delos ubi exorta est Deliacusque Deus.
Vos æterna æstas, vos Sol æternus inaurat;
Nullus honor vobis jam, nisi Solis, adest.

Despiciunt montes campum Marathonis, et undas
Cæruleas Marathon despicit ipse maris;
Atque ibi dum vacuam meditabar forte per horam,
Græcia vel rursus libera visa mihi est;
Scilicet haud potui tumulis insistere Medûm,
Et me servitii credere ferre jugum.

Olim in præcipiti montis Rex rupe sedebat,
Unde procul Salamis cernitur orta mari;
Millia multa ratûm pelago despexit, et inter
Solus tot gentes arbiter ipse fuit:
Sole oriente suas numeraverat ille phalanges —
Quid reliquum ex illis, sole cadente, fuit?

O ubi sunt illi? aut ubi tu mea patria, et ingens
Gloria? Jam late littora muta silent:
Heroumque simul numeros, et pectora quondam
Conscia virtutis, jam tenet alta quies!
Hoc quoque fata jubent, citharæ sacra fila, diuque
Plena Deo, in nostras degenerasse manus?

J. G. L.

LX.

Melrose.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go, visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear
Was never scene so sad and fair.

Scot

LX.

Melrosa.

Si vis Melrosam, quam sit formosa, tueri,
  I, pete cum cœlo pallida luna nitet;
Namque coruscantes Sol qui jacit aureus ignes
  Irridet cano mœnia victa situ.
Ast arcus fracti quum nocte teguntur, et albet
  Quæ videt Eoum longa fenestra polum;
Quum vaga per mediæ fastigia diruta turris
  Lux gelida incerto desuper imbre cadit;
Quum vasta alternis exstant fulcimina formis,
  Hæc ebenum referunt, ista videntur ebur;
Quum color effigies et scripta argenteus ambit
  Quæ te rite docent vivere, rite mori;
Quum super antiquum bubo canit omina bustum,
  Raucaque longinquo murmure Tueda fremit.
Tum pete Melrosam solus: tacitusque pererra
  Templa nimis longo collabefacta die;
Inde domum repetens tecum fateare necesse est
"Pulcrior hoc non est flebiliorve locus."

H. H.

LXI.

Lines engraved on the Collar of a Dog.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew,
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?

Pope.

LXII.

The Beggar's Petition.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door;
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I begged a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial drove me from their door,
To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

A little farm was my paternal lot;
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But, ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

LXI.

PRINCIPIS en catulum, convivam respice regum!
  Tu mihi dic, sodes, unde, catelle, venis?

R. R. W. L.

LXII.

Paupertas.

INVALIDI miserere senis, qui tardior ævo
  Supplicat ignotas devius ante fores.
Parvus erat nitido quondam mihi cum lare fundus,
  Læta nec ignava gleba subacta manu:
Dulcibus ejecit dominus non æquus ab arvis;
  Et seges, et morbo deperiere boves.
Pauperis heu duram sortem! cui frusta petenti
  Invidet exiguam verna protervus opem;
Corpora cui raris horrescunt obsita pannis,
  Aspera cum lateri spicula figit hyems.
Parva mihi superest vitæ mora: detur egenti;
  Pro stipe cœlestes fœnus habebis opes.

B

LXIII.

Oft in the stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone

LXIII.

Memoria.

Nocte sæpius, antequam
Me Quies religaverit,
Cum late loca conticent,
    Lucis haud rediturae
Fida Mnemosyne jubar
Circumfuderit irritum;
Seu sit ulla puertiæ
    Forte insumpta jocando,
Seu mœstis lacrymis dies,
Blandulove Cupidini,
Seu benignius arserint,
    Qui gravantur in omnes
Nunc annos, oculi, aut nimis
Corda luxuriaverint
Jampridem cruciatibus
    Lenti rupta doloris.

Cum recordor ut omnibus
Arcto pectora vinculo
Sint connexa sodalibus,
    Quos perire, comarum
Instar arborearum, ego
Senserim ante pedes meos,
Hybernis aquilonibus;
    Tum solus spatiari

Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

Moore.

LXIV.

The Dying Swan.

BUT anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flowed forth on a carol free and bold:
As when a mighty people rejoice
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
And the tumult of their acclaim is rolled
Through the open gates of the city afar,
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.
And the creeping mosses and clambering weeds,
And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
And the wavy swell of the soughing reeds,
And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
The desolate creeks and pools among,
Were flooded over with eddying song.

Tennyson.

Atrio videor mihi
Convivis vacuo suis,
Inter arida serta, nec
    Lampadas face viva,
Superstes reliqui chori!
Quid juvat, Dea, sic jubar
Circumfundere noctibus
    Lucis haud rediturae!

R. R. W. L.

LXIV.

Μετα τοῦτ' ᾄδουσ' ὡς ἐπὶ νίκῃ,
δεινοῖς μέλεσιν καὶ πολυφώνοις
    ἔρρηξεν ἐλεύθερον αὐδήν·
ὡς ὅτε τερπνῆς ὑπὸ φόρμιγγος
χρυσῶν τε λυρῶν κροτάλων τε βοῆς
γηθεῖ πολλῶν στρατὸς ἀνθρώπων,
τῶνπερ ἀκλῄστων δι' ὁδῶν πόλεως
εὐφημούντων κλόνος ἐκφέρεται,
σαίνει τε μακρὰν αἰπόλον ὅστις
νύκτερον ἄστρων σέλας αὐγάζει.
χοὔτως ἁπαλῶν ἕλικες βοτάνων,
δροσεροί τ' ἰτέας πολιᾶς ὄζοι,
ψιθυριζόντων τ' αἰὲν δονάκων
ῥόθος οἰδματόεις, κοιλης τ' ἀκτῆς
κυματοπλῆγος κέρατα στονόεντ',
ἀργυροειδῆ τ' ἄνθεμ' ἕλει' ὧν
λίμνη τ' ἄβατος πόταμός τε βρύει
        λιγυραῖσι μελῶν
    ῥοθίων δίναισι κλονοῦνται.

W. B. J.

LXV.

Daphne.

How happie was I when I saw her leade
The shepheards' daughters dauncing in a rownd!
How trimly would she trace and softly tread
The tender grasse, with rosye garland crownd!
And when she list advaunce her heavenly voyce,
Both Nymphes and Muses nigh she made astownd,
And flocks and shepheards causëd to reioyce.

But now, ye shepheard Lasses! who shall lead
Your wandering troupes, or sing your virelayes?
Or who shall dight your bowres, sith she is dead
That was the lady of your holy-dayes?
Let now your blisse be turnëd into bale,
And into plaints convert your ioyous playes,
And with the same fill every hill and dale.

My little Flock, whom earst I loved so well,
And wont to feed with finest grasse that grew,
Feede ye hencefoorth on bitter astrofell,
And stinking smallage, and unsavorie rew;
And, when your mawes are with those weeds co
rupted,
Be ye the pray of wolves; ne will I rew
That with your carkasses wild beasts be glutted.

LXV.

Daphne.

FORTUNATUS ego, quum me præsente puella
  Virgineos agili duceret orbe choros!
Tam certo pede tamque levi modo nata premebat
  Gramina, purpureæ flore revincta rosæ.
At quoties diam placuisset tollere vocem,
  Sensit inassuetum gaudia mira pecus:
Pastores stupuere; ipsæ stupuere Camœnæ;
  Nympharumque leves Naiadumque chori.

Arcades, at vobis quæ nunc errantia ducat
  Agmina, et agrestes præcinat ore modos?
Cujus ope ornentur thalami, quum concidit illa
  Arbitra quæ festos rexit amata dies?
Rumpite lætitiam; tristes dolor occupet agros;
  Pro levibus resonet nænia mœsta jocis.
Undique triste gemant mœstis suspiria campis;
  Hoc scopuli steriles; hoc nemus omne sonet.

Vosque, olim mea cura, greges, quos mollibus herbis
  Nostrum erat et verna pascere luxurie;
Carpite jam rutas, quas fors ostendat, amaras,
  Atque apium fœtens, astrophelumque gravem.
Inde, ubi corruptos rumpent mala gramina ventres,
  Incidite in rabidos præda parata lupos.
Non ego vos doleam, nigro si pinguia tabo
  Diripiant avidæ corpora vestra feræ.

Ne worse to you, my sillie Sheepe! I pray,
Ne sorer vengeance wish on you to fall
Than to myself, for whose confusde decay
To careless Heavens I doo daylie call;
But Heavens refuse to heare a wretches cry;
And cruell Death doth scorn to come at call,
Or graunt his boone that most desires to dye.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waste my better age:
My bread shall be the anguish of my mynd,
My drink the teares which fro mine eyes do raine,
My bed the ground that hardest I may fynd;
So will I wilfully increase my paine.

And she, my love that was, my saint that is,
When she beholds from her celestiall throne
(In which she ioyeth in eternall bliss)
My bitter penance, will my case bemone,
And pittie me that living thus doo die;
For heavenly spirits have compassion
On mortall man, and rue their miserie.

Spenser.

Sed neque majores vobis, gens inscia, pœnas
  Quam mihi, nec vobis deteriora velim;
Quippe meas lux quæque preces in sidera vectat,
  Obruat ut miserum tarda ruina caput.
Hei mihi! nam surdas frustra vox fertur ad aures,
  Nec Deus extremam reddere curat opem.
Mors etiam immitis spernit properare vocata,
  Et trahere ad sese qui cupit ipse mori.

Nam veluti quondam lustrans loca sancta viator
  Difficiles errans itque reditque vias;
Sic equidem immensum spatiis emetiar orbem,
  Temporaque assiduo verna dolore teram.
Luctus erit pro pane mihi, pro munere Bacchi
  Qui salsæ ex oculis decidit imber aquæ.
Dura dabunt membris instratum saxa cubile:
  Sic placet angores congeminare meos.

Illa etiam, mea flamma olim, nunc sancta voluptas
  Auspiciumque animæ præsidiumque meæ,
Illa ubi de sede ætheria (qua lumine cœli
  Gaudet, et æternæ præmia pacis habet)
Horribilem pœnam aspiciet, miserebitur ultro
  Quod moriens vivo, nec datur usque mori.
Namque et cœlicolæ nostri miserentur, et omnes
  Flere hominum luctus tristitiamque solent.

E. P.

LXVI.

Portia.

Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracëd, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgëd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Shakspeare.

LXVI.

ΠΟΡΤΙΑ.

Νοσεισ σὺ δῆθεν· εἶτα πρὸς νοσοῦντος ἦν
φοιτᾶν σε γυμνὸν ὄντα, καὶ σταλάγματα
ἠοῦς μυδώσης ἐκπιεῖν; ποίᾳ νόσῳ
ξύνοικος εἶτα δεμνίων παιωνίων
πόδ' ἄν τις ἐκκλέψειε, παννύχους φθορὰς
τιθεὶς παρ' οὐδὲν καὶ κακὰς δυσαυλίας;
τί τοῦτ' ἂν εἴη, πλὴν ἑκόντα προσκαλεῖν
νόσον νόσων ἔφεδρον, αἰθέρος μύσος;
οὐκ ἔστι ταῦτ', οὐκ ἔστιν, ἀλλ' ἔσω φρενῶν
βόσκεις νόσον τήνδ' ἐξ ἁμαρτίας τινός·
ἣν δὴ δίκαιος οὖσά σοι ξυνειδέναι,
ἐπεὶ δάμαρτι τοῦτο πρόσκειται γέρας,
φίλον φίλη σε γουνπετὴς ἐπαξιῶ,
πρὸς καλλόνης τε, τῆς ἐθαυμάσθην τὸ πρίν,
πρός σ' ὧν ἐραστὴς εὐγμάτων μ' ἤντου τότε,
καὶ τοῦ μεγίστου δὴ τρίτου ξυνθήματος,
ἀφ' οὗπέρ ἐσμεν ἐκ δυοῖν ψυχὴ μία,
νῦν συμμόρφῳ σῇ τῇδε, σοὶ τὰ πάντ' ἴσῃ,
κοίνωσον, ἐκ τοῦ τοῦτ' ἔχεις λύπης βάρος,
ταύτην τε νύκτα σοι ξυνήλλαξαν τίνες·
ἓξ ἀρτίως γὰρ ἔπτα τ' ἄνδρες, ὄμματα
οὐδὲ σκότῳ δεικνύντες, ἦσαν ἔντοποι.

J. R.

LXVII.

THE sun, that walks his airy way,
To light the world and give the day;
The moon, that shines with borrowed light;
The stars, that gild the gloomy night;
The seas, that roll unnumbered waves;
The wood, that spreads its shady leaves;
The field, whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain;
All of these, and all I see,
Must be sung, and sung by me:
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Parnell.

LXVIII.

On a Volunteer Singer.

SWANS sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

Coleridge.

LXVII.

QUI peragens cursum puri per inania cœli
Luce refert almum Sol aperitque diem;
Aurea sublustrem variant quæ sidera noctem,
Lunaque fraterna visa nitere face;
Quæ maria innumeros volvunt ad littora fluctus,
Quæ nimium sylvæ mitigat umbra diem;
Quique ager occulto dat semine dives aristas,
Fertque palam flavas, munere lætus, opes;
Omnia quæ cerno, quæ sol vagus aspicit usquam,
Omnia sunt versu rite canenda meo:
Scilicet his desit quum vox, mea carmina poscunt,
Artificem ut possint concelebrare Deum.

E. W.

LXVIII.

SUSPIRAT moribunda cantilenas
Funebres avis, ante mortis horam:
Sunt et quos amor occupet canendi,
Qui per me moriantur ante cantum.

W. B J.

LXIX.

Sonetto di Vincenzo Filicaja.

Italia, Italia! O tu cui diè la Sorte
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai
Funesta dote d' infiniti guai,
Che 'n fronte scritti per gran doglia porte!

Deh! fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte!
Ond' assai più ti paventasse, o assai
T' amasse men, chi del tuo bello a i rai
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!

Ch' or quì dall' Alpi io non vedrei torrenti
Scender d' armati, e del tuo sangue tinta
Bever l' onda del Pò Gallici armenti!
Ni ti vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,
Pugnar col braccio di straniere genti,
Per servir sempre, o vincitrice, o vinta!

LXIX.

Italia.

O PULCRA tellus! cui, lacrymabile
Munus, decorem, Parca dedit; tibi
Dos unde fatalis perennes,
Itala gens, tribuit labores.
Heu! luctuosa in fronte sedet dolor
Insculptus; oh si forma minus foret
Venusta, vel saltem potestas
Amplior, ut gravius timeret
Minusve terram diligeret tuam,
Quicunque vultu captus amabili
Te voce fallaci lacessit
In miseram patriæ ruinam!
Tunc e tremendis rupibus Alpium
Torrentium non more rapacium
Impune delapsas phalanges,
Exitium Italiæ, viderem.
Tum Galliæ non combiberent greges
Padum Latino sanguine turbidum:
Nec gentis externæ potenti
Freta manu proprii cieres
Martis tumultus, hei mihi! non tua
Succincta tellus Itala cuspide,
Seu victa, seu victrix perenni
Exitium subitura vinclo.

H. H.

LXX.

Past and Present.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like that it takes
away.
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's
dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone, which
which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself
be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of
happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail shall never stretch
again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself
comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its
own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice
appears.

LXX.

Η ΜΗΝ μείζω χρόνος ἁρπάζει
βιότῳ θνητῶν ἀγάθ', ἢ μέλλει
διδόναι· φεῦ, φεῦ τῆς διανοίας
ἀδμήτου μέν, μέγα τ' αἰθούσης,
τῇ δ' αἰσθήσει κρυερῶς βαρέως
　　　　συνθνησκούσης·
οὐ γὰρ γένυσιν παίδων ἁπαλαῖς
ἐτάκη θᾶσσον ῥέθος ὡραίων,
ἢ φρεσίν, οὔπω κατακαρφομένης
ὥρας, ἡ παρθένος ἀκμή.
κἀνταῦθ', ᾧτινι τῆς θραυσθείσης
εὐδαιμονίας λῆμα πέφυκεν
κρεῖσσον, πρὸς ἄκρας σύρδην φέρεται
δεινάς, ἀνόμοις κύμασι πλαγχθείς·
φροῦδος δ' οἴαξ, ἢ σκάφος αὔτως
πρὸς ἀπόρρητον λιμέν' εὐθύνει,
　　σχισθέντος ἄγαν λαίφους ἀνέμῳ.
ῥιγεῖ δ' ἑξῆς ὡς ἐν θανάτῳ
ψυχή, λύπαις ἀλλοτρίαισιν
δυσκίνητος, τῶν δ' οἰκείων
ἀλέγειν ὀκνοῦσ' ἔν περ ὀνείρῳ·
τοιόνδε κρύος νασμὸν ἔπηξεν
δακρύων, ὥστ', εἰ στίλβει βλέφαρον,
　　ξηρὰ δ' αὐγὴ κἄτεγκτος ὅμως.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract
the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former
hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruined turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey
beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept, o'er many a vanished
scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish
though they be,
So midst the withered waste of life, those tears would
flow to me.

Byron.

LXXI.

Harmless Wit.

As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain the least, when exquisitely keen.

Young.

εἰ δ' αὖ λάμπει γλῶσσ' εὐτράπελος,
θορυβεῖ τε γέλως θυμὸν ἄχρειος
νυχίαις ῥιπαῖς, ὅθεν οὐκέθ' ὕπνου
φίλτρ' ἂν γλυκεροῦ μαλάκ' ἐλπίζοις —
ἀλλ' οὖν κισσῷ τοῦτό γ' ὅμοιον
περὶ πυργώδη πλάχ' ἑλισσομένῳ·
φύλλα μὲν ἄφθονα, χλωρόν τ' εἶδος,
　　πάντα δ' ἔνερθεν
πολιοῦ κάμνονθ' ὑπὸ γήρως.
πῶς ἂν πάσχοιμ' οἷά γ' ἔπασχον·
πῶς ἂν ἔτ' εἴην οἷος τὸ πρὶν ἦν,
δάκρυα λείβων οἷά γ' ἔλειβον
　　προτέροις ἄλγεσιν·
ὡς γὰρ ἀνύδροις νάματα χώροις,
καίπερ πικρόταθ', ἥδιστα δοκεῖ,
　　τὼς ἄρ' ἔμοιγ' ἂν
πόρον αὐανθένθ' ἕρποντι βίου
　　δάκρυ' ἂν τοιαῦτα χυθείη.

R. R. W. L.

LXXI.

Sine Felle Sales.

EXACUIT molli cultrum sibi tonsor olivo;
　Salsior urbana redditur arte lepos.
Arguit obtusum dolor inde secutus acumen;
　Quoque secat melius, lædit uterque minus.

B

LXXII.

Fade, flowers, fade! Nature will have it so;
'T is but what we must in our autumn do:
And as your leaves lie quiet on the ground,
Their loss by only those that loved them found;
So in the grave as quiet shall we lie,
Missed by some few, that loved our company:
While some so like to thorns and nettles live,
That none for them can, when they perish, grieve.

LXXIII.

Althea.

When Love with unconfinëd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye,—
The birds that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

LXXII.

Marcete! rebus una lex mortalibus;
Marcete, flores! Nos et autumnus manet
Noster caducos: vestra ceu jacent humi
Quieta folia, non nisi illa amantibus
Desiderata, nos et in terra breves
Paucis quieti flebiles jacebimus,
Quibus placebat noster usus intimis.
Spinæ sed urticæque similis moribus
Qui vixit, illum nemo luget mortuum.

B.

LXXIII.

Althea.

Hæc ubi pervolitans Amor ala claustra soluta,
Captivo Altheæ murmura dia ferat;
Cum jaceam implicitusque coma, et defixus ocello,—
Aëra non æque libera radit avis.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
  Our hearts with loyal flames.
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,—
Enlargëd winds that curl the flood
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage,
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for a hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above
  Enjoy such liberty.

Lovelace.

Pocula cum rapido currant spumantia gyro,
  Quæ Thamesis mista non violavit aqua;
Tempora cum roseæ nobis secura coronæ,
  Corda suo fervens ambiat igne fides:
Et siccas properans Baccho perfundere curas
  Propinet largo turba soluta mero;—
Squamea gens, vastis pelagi spatiata sub undis,
  Non patrias æquè libera sorbet aquas.
Cum, volucris captiva velut, mitissima Regis
  Corda, decus, laudes, ora verenda canam,
Gutture contento; et quam sit bonus ille sub auras,
  Quamque potens, starent si modo jura, feram;—
Carcere ab Æolio Boreæ laxata sonorum
  Libera non æque proruit aura fretum.
Saxea non animum murorum claudere moles,
  Credite, nec ferro janua fulta potest.
Scilicet hic etiam placidum sine crimine pectus
  Otia Pieriæ ducit amœna domus.
Si mihi liber amor, mens libera, lucida cœli
  Libertatem æquant agmina sola meam.

G. S.

LXXIV.

Epitaph in the Isle of Wight.

FORGIVE, blest shade! the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this!
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stayed thy progress to the world of bliss!

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night,
No more a tenant pent in mortal clay;
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy passage to the realms of day.

LXXV.

An Epitaph upon the celebrated Claudius Philips, Musician, who died very poor.

PHILIPS, whose touch harmonious could remove
The pangs of guilty power, and hapless love,
Rest here, distressed by poverty no more;
Here find that calm thou gavest so oft before:
Sleep undisturbed within this peaceful shrine,
'Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

Garrick.

LXXIV.

Epitaphium.

DA veniam lacrymæ, quæ te, tellure relicta,
Invidet ætheriis, umbra beata, choris!
Da veniam precibus, quæ te hic voluere morari,
Serius ad superas ut raperere domos.

Hujus, humo spreta, nunc es caliginis expers,
Hujus et haud ultra carcere septa luti:
Nosque tuam potius fas est gaudere sequentes
Victricem, carpis quam super astra, fugam.

B.

LXXV.

In Mortuum Fidicinem.

CUJUS erat, plectro stimulos lenire, potentûm
Queis scelus, infelix vel cruciatur amor,
Hic, ubi sopitum non amplius urget egestas,
Quam toties dederas, sit tibi blanda quies:
Hic placido recubes tumulo, cœleste beatus,
Quale tuum, vigili dum melos aure bibas.

B.

LXXVI.

ΑΝΔΡΟΜΑΧΗ.

Ιλιῳ αἰπεινᾷ Πάρις οὐ γάμον, ἀλλά τιν' ἄταν
  ἠγάγετ' εὐναίαν εἰς θαλάμους Ἑλέναν·
ἇς ἕνεκ', ὦ Τροία, δορὶ καὶ πυρὶ δηϊάλωτον
  εἷλέ σ' ὁ χιλιόναυς Ἑλλάδος ὠκὺς ἄρης,
καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν μελέας πόσιν Ἕκτορα, τὸν περὶ τείχη
  εἵλκυσε διφρεύων παῖς ἁλίας Θέτιδος·
αὐτὰ δ' ἐκ θαλάμων ἀγόμαν ἐπὶ θῖνα θαλάσσης,
  δουλοσύναν στυγερὰν ἀμφιβαλοῦσα κάρα·
πολλὰ δὲ δάκρυά μοι κατέβα χροός, ἀνίκ' ἔλειπον
  ἄστυ τε καὶ θαλάμους καὶ πόσιν ἐν κονίαις·
ὤμοι ἐγὼ μελέα, τί μ' ἐχρῆν ἔτι φέγγος ὁρᾶσθαι,
  Ἑρμιόνας δούλαν, ἇς ὕπο τειρομένα,
πρὸς τόδ' ἄγαλμα θεᾶς, ἱκέτις περὶ χεῖρε βαλοῦσα,
  τάκομαι, ὡς πετρίνα πιδακόεσσα λιβάς.

Euripid. Andr.

LXXVII.

On a Faux-pas at a Ball.

WHEN at thy feet, dear girl, I fell,
  Confusion checked the thought,
Or I had cried—"By heaven, 'tis well!
  "I've fallen where I ought!"

F. Hodgson.

LXXVI.

Andromache.

Non tibi nympha, Paris, furia est sociata jugalis,
  Tyndaris Iliacos in thalamos Helena!
Illa rates Trojæ innumeras, inimicaque castra,
  Ferrumque et flammas intulit Argolicas:
Illa meum leto dedit Hectora, quem prope muros
  Raptavit Thetidos filius æquoreæ:
Meque ferox capta victor procul egit ab urbe,
  Mutantem duro sceptra domumque jugo.
Quos ego tunc gemitus, quos fudi ad littora questus,
  Et patriæ et cari conjugis in cineres!
Heu me infelicem! quid jam mihi vita supersit,
  Hermiones famulæ? cujus adacta metu,
Ad fanum hoc supplex fletu consumor inani,
  Ut fons perpetuis saxa rigat lacrymis.

G.

LXXVII.

Ὁ δ' ὕπτιος οὔδει ἐρείσθη.

Aurea dum saltans nuper mea Delia tecum
  Ætherios labor cernuus ante pedes;
Non mea subvertit vestigia lubricus error;
  Fas erat ad nostram procubuisse deam!

B.

LXXVIII.

THE rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-wingëd steeds
Which trample the dim winds; in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight:
Some looking back, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars;
Others lean forth, with burning eyes, and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before
And now, even now, they clasped it. Their bright lo
Stream like a comet's flashing hair; they all
Sweep onward.

Shelley.

LXXVIII.

Πετραι διεστήκασι, πορφυρέας δ' ὁρῶ
ὄχους δι' ὄρφνης ποικιλοπτέρων ὑπὸ
ἵππων συνθέντας, οἵπερ ἐν τάχει ποδῶν
βίαν ἀφεγγῆ λὰξ πατοῦσι πνευμάτων.
καὶ μὴν ἑκάστῳ δεινὸς ἡνιοστρόφος
φοβεροῖς ἔπεστιν ὄμμασιν, νωμῶν δρόμον·
οἱ μὲν παλιντρόποισιν ὀφθαλμῶν κύκλοις
φεύγειν δοκοῦσι προσβολὰς Ἐρινύων,
ἀλλ' οὔ γε μὴν μορφήν τιν' εἰσορᾶν ἔχω
πλὴν ἢ τὰ λαμπρὰ διατόρων ἄστρων βέλη·
τοὺς δ' ἐμπύροις μὲν ἀστρόφοισι δ' ὄμμασιν
ὁρῶ προνωπεῖς, στόματι πίνοντας λάβρῳ
αὐτῶν ἐν ὁρμῇ ξυνταραχθείσας πνοάς,
φεύγοντος ὡσεὶ τοῦ μάλιστ' ἐρωμένου
ἔχοιεν ἤδη ξυλλαβεῖν ἄπρυγδα δή.
μακραὶ δι' αὔρας πᾶσιν αἴσσονται κόμαι
πύρροισιν ἄστρων βοστρύχοισιν ἐμφερεῖς·
ὁρμῇ δ' ἅπαντες ὧδ' ἐπείγονται μιᾷ.

W. B. J.

LXXIX.

Admiral Hosier's Ghost.

As near Porto-Bello lying
  On the gently swelling flood,
At midnight with streamers flying
  Our triumphant navy rode;
There, while Vernon sate all-glorious,
  From the Spaniards' late defeat;
And his crews, with shouts victorious,
  Drank success to England's fleet;

On a sudden shrilly sounding,
  Hideous yells and shrieks were heard;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
  A sad troop of ghosts appeared,
All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
  Which for winding-sheets they wore,
And with looks by sorrow clouded
  Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleamed the moon's wan lustre,
  When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale bands was seen to muster
  Rising from their wat'ry grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hyed him,
  Where the Burford reared her sail,
With three thousand ghosts beside him,
  And in groans did Vernon hail.

LXXIX.

Hoseri Simulacrum.

Βροτῶν εἴδωλα καμόντων.

Cum prope Felicem Portum Panamæque recessus
  Lene tumescentes aura movebat aquas,
Signaque jam media fluitabant nocte, ligabat
  Qua modo victrices anchora jacta rates;
En! ibi, cum pulso nuper Vernonus Ibero
  Stabat in excelsis non sine laude foris;
Nautaque vociferans læta inter pôcla canebat
  'Imperet æquoreis Anglia classe viis;'

En! subito horrendæ passim resonare querelæ,
  Perque repercussas currere planctus aquas.
Nec mora: jam cunctis trepidantibus, horrida visa est
  Spectrorum e medio surgere turba mari;
Nautica quæ tenues cinxere cubilia formas
  Cuique sepulcralis sunt vice functa togæ:
Tota cohors torvo lustrabat littora vultu,
  Fronte gravi miserum significante sinum.

Alba super diras facies dum luna micabat,
  En! subito Hoseri prodiit umbra ducis;
Cœpit et exsangues circa glomerare catervas
  Densaque funereis agmina nata vadis.
Deinde coruscantes prolapsa repente per undas
  Vernoni insignem constitit ante ratem.
Nec mora, ductorem jussit salvere; gementi
  Spectrorum adgemuit conglomerata cohors.

"Heed, oh heed our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injured ghost,
You who now have purchased glory
At this place where I was lost!
Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our undoing,
You will mix your joy with tears.

"See these mournful spectres sweeping
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
Whose wan cheeks are stained with weeping
These were English captains brave.
Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
Those were once my sailors bold;
Lo! each hangs his drooping forehead,
While his dismal tale is told.

"I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright;
Nothing then its wealth defended
But my orders not to fight.
Oh! that in this rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obeyed my heart's warm motion
To have quelled the pride of Spain!

" Accipe, dux, tristes quos fundimus, accipe, questus;
Ecce tibi Hoserus, læsus et umbra, queror!
Tu licet egregio jam clarus honore fruaris
In quibus, heu! perii perditus ipse locis;
Tu licet eversa jam funditus urbe triumphum
Victor agas, nullo corda premente metu;
Sed tamen Hoseri casus miseratus iniquos
Flebis; erunt lacrymis gaudia mixta tuis.

" Nonne per invisos hæc jam volitantia fluctus
Spectra, sepulcrali tegmine cincta, vides;
Dira quibus macies fœdataque lumina flendo?
Anglorum hi fortes, crede, fuere duces.
Nonne vides alias, liventia monstra, catervas?
Hi prius Angliaci, nautica turba, viri.
Ecce gravem monstrant demissa fronte dolorem,
Dum mala quæ tulerit quisque nefanda loquor.

" Olim ego bis denis trajeci hoc puppibus æquor;
Terruit Hispanos impetus iste focos.
Nil erat attonitam quod tum defenderet urbem,
Nil, nisi de patria jussa recepta mea.
Oh! quoties volui me tum, quia bella vetabant,
Ista procelloso jussa dedisse freto,
Mentis et incensæ potius mandata secutum
Fortiter Hispanas edomuisse minas.

"For resistance I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
Hast achieved with six alone.
Then the bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of this gallant train had been.

"Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
And her galleons leading home,
Though condemned for disobeying,
I had met a traitor's doom,
To have fallen, my country crying
'He has played an English part,'
Had been better far than dying
Of a grieved and broken heart.

"Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail;
But remember our sad story,
And let Hosier's wrongs prevail.
Sent in this foul clime to languish,
Think what thousands fell in vain,
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

"Nullus erat nostris qui tunc obsisteret armis;
Res mihi bis denis navibus acta foret.
At tu nunc facili, dux felicissime, pugna
Ilicet egisti bis tribus illud opus.
Tunc ea non fœdam vidissent mœnia cladem,
Mœnia quam probri conscia facta mei!
Nec tot Atlantiaco periissent mersa profundo
Corda, tot externis fortia corda plagis.

"Tunc etiam domitis potuissem victor Iberis,
Par tibi, cum capta classe redire domum.
Quid si jussa redux lueram contemta cruore?
Si fuerat vita culpa soluta mea?
Ah! quanto melius cecidisse, fatentibus Anglis
Me bene de patrio commeruisse solo!
Ah! quanto melius, quam longis pectora victum
Tristitiis animam sic posuisse meam.

"Possumus, invidia majores, cernere famam,
Cernere militiæ gesta secunda tuæ.
Sed tibi sit nostræ mens haud oblita querelæ,
Ne cadat in surdos semper inulta Notos.
Quid tot in infesto tabentia millia cœlo
Profuit indignæ succubuisse neci?
Quos properata lues, quos pallidus abstulit angor,
Non ferrum aut dubii nobile Martis opus.

" Hence with all my train attending
From their oozy tombs below,
Thro' the hoary foam ascending,
Here I feed my constant woe;
Here the bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom,
And our plaintive cries renewing,
Wander thro' the midnight gloom.

" O'er these waves for ever mourning
Shall we roam deprived of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request;
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England shamed in me."

LXXX.

Ex Anthologia.

ΦΕΥΓΕ Λάκων ποτὲ δῆριν, ἀπαντήσασα δὲ μήτηρ
εἶπε, κατὰ στέρνων ἄορ ἀνασχομένη·
Ζώων μέν σεο ματρὶ διαμπερὲς αἶσχος ἀνάπτεις,
καὶ Λακεδαιμονίων πάτρια θεσμὰ λύεις·
ἢν δὲ θάνῃς παλάμῃσιν ἐμαῖς, μήτηρ μὲν ἀκούσω
δύσμορος, ἀλλ' ἐν ἐμᾷ πατρίδι σωζομένα.

"Inde fit ut toties udis excita sepulchris
  Magna per æquoreas turba vagemur aquas,
Perque salum ascendens et spumea regna dolores
  Hic ego perpetuos irrequietus alam.
Hic, ubi fatales nos surgere cernimus arces,
  Volvimus in misero fata pudenda sinu.
Hic quoque lugubres iteramus rite querelas
  Lurida cum mediæ tempora noctis eunt.

"Eheu! perpetuo super has errabimus undas;
  Non dabitur miseris pax nec amica quies;
Si, quando Angliacas iterum tu adveneris oras,
  Negligis hæc causæ debita jura meæ.
Non ita; quum strato jam victor ab hoste reversus
  Aspicias patriæ pectora fida tuæ,
Sis memor et vindex nostri: pœnasque reposcat
  Anglia nunc fato dedecorata meo."

H. H.

LXXX.

Mater Spartana.

Hosti terga dedit Spartanus, at obvia mater
  Dixit, in adverso pectore ferrum adigens;
"Dedecus æternum matri fers vivus, et urbis
  Antiquum evertis fas Lacedæmoniæ:
Sin nostra moriere manu, misera ipsa vocabor
  Mater, servata sed misera in patria."

G.

LXXXI.

Song.

NOT seldom, clothed in saffron vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom, evening in the west
Sinks smilingly forsworn.

The smoothest seas will ofttimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue:
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treacherous too.

The umbrageous oak, in pomp outspread,
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,
Draws lightning down upon the head
It promised to defend.

Wordsworth.

LXXXII.

Lines on some Snow that melted on a Lady's Breast.

THOSE envious flakes, come down in haste
To prove her breast less fair,
Grieving to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolved into a tear.

LXXXI.

Decipimur Specie.

SÆPIUS acclivem croceos induta colores
 Aurora ingreditur non sine fraude viam;
Sæpius et læto celat perjuria vultu
 Phœbus in Hesperias mox ruiturus aquas.

Nec raro incautam vel quæ placidissima rident
 Ceperunt ficta marmora fronte ratem;
Et si forte suis male credula fiderit astris,
 Sentiet astra datam fallere posse fidem.

Interdum et patulo præcellens tegmine quercus,
 Dum medium rumpit crebra procella polum,
Cui tutas hospes promiserat ante latebras,
 In caput arsurum fulmina dira trahit.

J. C.

LXXXII.

Epigramma.

INVIDA cum nostra certans illapsa puella
 Purior est niveo nix sibi visa sinu:
Questa sed a tanto victum candore nitorem,
 In lacrymam subito versa dolore fugit.

B.

LXXXIII.

The last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
  Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
  Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
  No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
  Or give sigh for sigh.

I 'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
  To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
  Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

Moore.

LXXXIII.

ULTIMA ab æstivo floret rosa sole relicta,
  Ultima qua nuper tot nituere mitet:
Quæque venustatis sociæ fulsere prioris,
  Deciduæ tristi jam periere vice.
Nulli cognato distincti lumine flores,
  Nulla tibi roseæ gentis alumna manet,
Unde repercusso niteas suffusa rubore,
  Et suspirantûm mutuus halet odor.

Cætera cum linquant, ego te, Rosa, linquere nolim,
  Ne pereas ægre vimine fulta tuo.
I, quoniam pulcræ sic occubuere sorores,
  I Rosa, communi digna quiete frui.
Sic ego jam vivos diffundens mitis honores,
  Frondibus irroro gramina sicca tuis,
Qua tibi quot sociæ lætos viguere per hortos
  Undique marcentes et sine odore jacent.

Mox sequar ipse tui moriens vestigia fati,
  Quum dextræ fuerint fœdera rupta meæ;
Quum tandem, qua nunc Pietas religata nitescit,
  Deciderit gemmis orba corona suis.
Sincero simul ac studium sub pectore languet,
  Avolat et cari cordis amica fides,
Quis velit, heu! vitæ gelida sub luce superstes,
  Ingratas rerum solus obire vices?

W. B. J.

LXXXIV.

ΘΕΛΩ λέγειν Ἀτρείδας·
θέλω δὲ Κάδμον ᾄδειν·
ἁ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
ἔρωτα μοῦνον ἠχεῖ.
ἤμειψα νεῦρα πρώην,
καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν·
κἀγὼ μὲν ᾖδον ἄθλους
Ἡρακλέους· λύρη δὲ
ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.
χαίροιτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν
ἥρωες· ἡ λύρη γὰρ
μόνους ἔρωτας ᾄδει.

Anacreon.

LXXXV.

MEANWHILE the south-wind rose, and with black wings
Wide-hovering, all the clouds together drove
From under Heaven; the hills to their supply
Vapour, and exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain; and now the thickened sky
Like a dark ceiling stood; down rushed the rain
Impetuous, and continued till the earth
No more was seen; the floating vessel swum

LXXXIV.

Fert animus sparsas fraterno sanguine Thebas
  Dicere, et Atridas, Iliacasque vices;
Ipsa sed ingeminat solos imbellis amores
  Barbitos, et teneros, me renuente, sonos.
Mutavi nuper quicquid mutare liceret,
  Totaque sunt versis fila reficta modis:
Herculis at magna canerem cum voce labores,
  Redditus exili voce gemebat amor.
Grandia, vos, posthac, heroum facta, valete;
  Te lyra, te solum vult mea, dulcis amor!

B.

LXXXV.

Interea assurgens nigris Notus evolat alis,
Tellurem late complexus, et æthere ab omni
Miscet agens una nubes; alimenta ministrant
Et madidas colles nebulas, fuscumque vaporem
Summittunt; et jam densatus nubibus aër
Instar nigrantis tecti stetit; inde furentes
Præcipitantur aquæ, et rapidis ruit imbribus æther;
Nec mora nec requies, dum tota erepta periret
Ex oculis tellus; media sublimis in unda

Uplifted, and secure with beakëd prow
Rode tilting o'er the waves; all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmed, and them with all their pomp
Deep under water rolled; sea covered sea,
Sea without shore; and in their palaces,
Where luxury late reigned, sea-monsters whelped
And stabled; of mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbarked.

Milton.

LXXXVI.

Epitaph.

Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Fair, and learned, and good as she,
Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Jonson.

Apparet ratis exsurgens, rostrataque prora
Per medias equitabat aquas; alia omnia vincit
Fluctus, et humanum fastum, ac mortalia tecta,
Torquet ibi penitus correpta sub æquore; pontus
Volvitur in pontum, deerant quoque littora ponto;
Regalesque domos inter, sedesque superbas
Luxuriæ, pelagi monstra, atque immania cete
Exponunt fœtus; tantaque e stirpe relicta
Nabat in exigua tabula domus una superstes.

J. G. L.

LXXXVI.

Epitaphium.

Hoc sub marmore conditur
Illa, et perpetui munere carminis
Digna, et flebilibus modis,
Illa, et Pembrochii mater, et inclyti
Sidneii soror: huic parem,
Aut forma, aut animo, aut nobilioribus
Pulcri dotibus ingenî,
Nullam, Mors, poteris cædere victimam,
Donec te quoque Temporis,
Strages ulta tuas, conficiet manus.

G.

LXXXVII.

Μακαριζομεν σε, τέττιξ,
ὅτι δενδρέων ἐπ' ἄκρων,
ὀλίγην δρόσον πεπωκὼς,
βασιλεὺς ὅπως, ἀείδεις.
σὰ γάρ ἐστι κεῖνα πάντα,
ὁπόσα βλέπεις ἐν ἀγροῖς,
χ' ὁπόσα φέρουσιν Ὧραι·
σὺ δὲ φιλία γεωργῶν,
ἀπὸ μηδενός τι βλάπτων·
σὺ δὲ τίμιος βροτοῖσι,
θέρεος γλυκὺς προφήτης·
φιλέουσι μέν σε Μοῦσαι,
φιλέει δὲ Φοῖβος αὐτός,
λιγυρὴν δ' ἔδωκεν οἴμην·
τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔ σε τείρει·
σοφέ, γηγενής, φίλυμνε,
ἀπαθής, ἀναιμόσαρκε,
σχεδὸν εἶ θεοῖς ὅμοιος.

Anacreon

LXXXVII.

FRONDIBUS in summis tu rege beatior audis,
Cum satura exiguo rore, Cicada, canis.
Scilicet apricos spectas hera desuper agros,
Munus et, alternis quæ parit annus, habes.
Ruricolæ pacis conjungunt mutua tecum
Fœdera, quæ nulli depopularis opes.
Te colit, o flavæ prænuncia dulcis aristæ!
Lætius humanum, te redeunte, genus:
Deliciasque Novem faciunt curamque Sorores,
Ipseque, donato carmine, Phœbus amat.
Exuviis reparas positis æstate juventam,
Nasceris abjecto quæ nova facta situ.
Edita de terra, numeris exculta canoris,
Saucia non ullo sueta dolere malo,
Nescia damnorum, vegetum sine sanguine corpus,
Pæne refers Superos æquiparasque Deos.

B.

LXXXVIII.

Life.

WHAT is the existence of man's life
But open war or slumbered strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements,
And never feels a perfect peace,
Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm — where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loud passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats the bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower — which buds and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep,
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream — whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share
Are wandering as his fancies are,
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

LXXXVIII.

Aetas.

ÆTAS quid est mortalium?— Discordia
Aperta, sopitus furor.
Qua mens ubique cernit ægra siderum
Depræliantium impetus,
Pacem nec altam sentit ante, frigida
Quam missa sit Mortis manu.

Procella — sanguis calidus irato freto
Qua sævit æstuantius:
Et quisque mentis motus, impotentium
Ventorum ad instar fluctibus
Multis carinam hinc inde jactat, anchoram
Donec sepulchro jecerit.

Est flosculus — qui nascitur, crescit, perit,
Vix explicatis frondibus.
Vicesque servat temporum, ut soporibus
Qui nictat ingruentibus,
Mox in sepulcri pulverem, unde primulum
Vita erogata, conditur.

Est somnium — cui visa inesse veritas
Senio, juventa cernitur;
Solatiorum et quicquid est, imagine
Mentis vagatur cum vaga;
Caliginosi nebula prorsus exitî
Dum somniantem comprimat.

It is a dial — which points out
The sunset as it moves about:
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude —
Which doth short joys, long woes include:
The world the stage, the prologue tears;
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but Death!

King.

LXXXIX.

Epitaph on a new-born Infant.

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

Solarium — properantis in casum die
    Mutationes indicat:
Noctisque signat linea labentium
    Cæcos progressus temporum;
Dum sempiternis terra, quæ cunctos tegit,
    Corpus tenebris obruat.

Fabella tristis — gaudia heu! fugacia,
    Longos dolores continet:
Cui scena mundus, prologus, actus, lacrymæ,
    Spes vana, diversi metus:
Aulæa tandem spiritu exhausto ruunt,
    Mors sola dicit "Plaudite!"

G. S.

LXXXIX.

In Infantem recens natum Epitaphium.

LÆDERE quam vitii labes, quam marcida posset
  Cura, salutarem Mors tulit ante manum:
Hoc tenerum in cœlos traduxit germen, ut illic
  Panderet in tuto flos decus omne solo.

B.

XC.

BEFORE the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth; and, with low-thoughted care,
Confined and pestered in this pinfold here
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish being;
Unmindful of the crown that Virtue gives,
After this mortal change, to her true servants,
Amongst the enthronëd Gods on sainted seats!

Milton.

XCI.

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

XC.

ΖΗΝΟΣ παρ' αὐλῆς ἀστερωπὸν εἴσοδον
ναίω, φαειναὶ δαιμόνων ἵν' ἀφθίτων
οἰκοῦσι μορφαὶ λευκὸν εὐδίας κύκλον,
χώρας ἀφεγγοῦς τῆσδε λιγνύος θ' ὕπερ
θορύβου τ', ἐλεινοῖς γῆς καλουμένης βροτοῖς·
ταπεινὰ δὴ φρονοῦντες οἱ τεθλιμμένοι
τοιῷδ' ἐν ἕρκει, δυσφόρῳ προθυμίᾳ
λυπηρὸν ἐκτείνουσιν ἀσθενῆ βίον·
στέφανον παρέντες οἷον 'Αρέτη φθορᾶς
ἀπαλλαγεῖσι γνησίοις ὑπηρέταις
δίδωσιν αὐτῆς, εὐθρόνων θεῶν μέτα
ἕδραις ἐφ' ἁγναῖς ἀξίως ἱδρυμένοις.

XCI.

URAT agros æstus, cœlo furat ira procellæ —
Non tibi sol ardet, non tibi sævit hyems;
Factum opus in terris, requies inventa laborum,
Vesper adest, merces reddita, parta domus:
Aureus in cineres æque puer, aurea virgo
Vertitur, ac parvæ sordida turba casæ.
Irati nunquam gladios et flagra tyranni,
Nec procerum fastus verbaque dura tremes;
Nil procera levi tibi distat arundine quercus;
Veste nec arcenda est bruma, ciboque fames:
Imperium, fasces, doctrina, ars ipsa medendi,
Non alia fiunt pulvis et umbra via.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan.

Shakspeare.

XCII.

I LOVED thee beautiful and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow:
So altered are thy face and mind,
'T were perjury to love thee now.

Earl Nugent.

XCIII.

Epigram of Simmias the Theban.

WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid:
Sweet ivy, wind thy boughs to intertwine
With blushing roses and the clustering vine:
Thus will thy lasting leaves, with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung,
Whose soul exalted by the God of wit,
Among the Muses and the Graces writ.

Non tibi nunc rutili metuentur fulguris ignes,
Non fragor et summi tela tremenda Jovis;
Verbera nec falsæ noceant temeraria linguæ;
Hic tibi lætitiæ tristitiæque modus.

G. S.

XCII.

Lesbia.

PULCRÆ olim et facili nostrum tibi, Lesbia, amorem
Jurabam longum perpetuumque fore:
Nunc tam mutatæ tibi si servire tulissem,
Non servata esset, sed mea rupta fides.

G.

XCIII.

In Sophoclem.

FUNDITE serpenti virides hic fronde corymbos,
Vos, hederæ! doctis præmia nota comis:
Sæpe Sophocleis quondam data serta capillis,
Cingite nunc sacri molliter ossa viri.
Suave rubens passim sociis rosa floribus halet,
Flexilis et densas pampinus addat opes:
Quippe parem facili spirabat ab ore decorem,
Perpetuus Charitum Pieridumque comes.

B

XCIV.

Antony.

O, PARDON me, thou piece of bleeding earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livëd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lip
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue: -
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and dread civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Shakspeare.

XCIV.

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΟΣ.

Ξυγγνωθι μοι, δαφοινὸς ἕλκεσιν κόνις,
τοῖσδ' εἰ φονεῦσι πρᾷός εἰμι καὶ πέπων.
ἰὼ φερίστου δὴ βροτῶν ἐρείπια,
ὅσους ἔθρεψεν εἰς τόδ' ἡμέρας χρόνος.
ὄλοιτο καὶ χείρ, ἣ τὸ τιμιώτατον
τόδ' αἷμ' ἔδευσεν· ἀλλὰ μὴν ἑστὼς ἐγὼ
τῶν σῶν ὕπερθε τραυμάτων μαντεύομαι,
ἃ πολλὰ δή μοι κωφά περ πολυστομεῖ,
τοῖς πορφυρέοισι χείλεσιν κεχηνότα,
χρῄζοντα γλώσσης φθέγμα καὶ φωνὴν ἐμῆς.
ἀρὰ γὰρ ἄρδην ἐς μέλη σκήψει βροτῶν,
στάσις δ' ἀπ' ἀστῶν, καὶ δόμων Ἐρινύες,
σάξουσ' ἀπαξάπασαν Ἰταλῶν χθόνα.
σφαγαῖς δ' ὁμιλήσουσιν ὀλεθρίαις χέρες,
δεινοῖσι δ' ὄμμαθ' ὧδ' ἀεὶ θεάμασιν,
ὥστ' εἰσορῶσας μητέρας γέλωτ' ἄγειν
διαρταμούμεν' Ἄρεος ἐν χερσὶν βρέφη·
οἴκτου φθαρέντος ἐν ξυνηθείᾳ κακῶν.
ὁ Καισάρειος δ', ἐπὶ τίσει στρωφώμενος,
Ἄτην δ' ἔχων ἀρωγόν, ἐξαναζέσει
χθόνιος ἀλάστωρ, καὶ τυραννικῇ βοῇ
ὅρων ἐπεμβὰς τῶνδε κηρύξει φόνον,
κύνας μεθιεὶς Ἄρεος· ὥστε τοῦδ' ἄγους
ὄζειν ἕκατι πτώματ' ἀνοσίων νεκρῶν,
ἐπὶ χθονὸς κεκραγότ' ἐν χρείᾳ τάφου.

J. R.

XCV.

Unobtrusive Beauty.

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright:
Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.

XCVI.

LIKE to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood;
E'en such is man, whose borrowed light
Is straight called in and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entombed in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past, and man forgot.

Kin

XCV.

Semireducta Venus.

UT silet ipsa suum nescitque lucerna nitorem,
Forma verecunda simplicitate decet:
Quæ temere, hæc certa jaculatur pulcra sagitta;
Et gravius, quæ non vult tetigisse, ferit.

B.

XCVI.

UT radians alto delabitur æthere sidus,
Ut Jovis in cœlo præcipitatur avis;
Ut matutina stat ros argenteus herba,
Dædalus ut primo vere renidet ager.
Flatibus ut rapidis verrit freta turbida ventus,
Ut natat in placida lucidus orbis aqua;
Sic importunis hominum lux credita fatis
Vespere debetur, nocte redacta perit.
Ilicet emoritur ventus, fugit orbis ab unda;
Gloria in autumno verna sepulta jacet.
Æstu ros abiit, sidusque recessit in umbras;
Fugit avis penna præpete,—vixit homo.

G. S.

XCVII.

Auf einen Feldbrunnen.

Immer rinnet diese Quelle.
Niemals wandert ihre Welle.
Komm, Wandrer, hier zu ruhn!
Komm, lern' an dieser Quelle
Stillschweigend Gutes thun.

Ramler.

XCVIII.

Leonidæ Tarentini Epigramma in Scaturiginem.

Μη σύ γ' ἀπ' οἰονόμοιο περίκλεον ἰλύος ὧδε
  τοῦτο χαραδραίης θερμὸν, ὁδῖτα, πίῃς·
ἀλλὰ μολὼν μάλα τυτθὸν ὑπὲρ δαμαλήβατον ἄκρον,
  κεῖσέ γε πὰρ κείνᾳ ποιμενίᾳ πίτυϊ
εὑρήσεις κελαρύζον ἐϋκρήνου διὰ πέτρης
  νᾶμα βορειαίης ψυχροτέραν νιφάδος.

XCVII.

In Scaturiginem.

CERNIS inaudito campum ut secet undique cursu,
Et tacite humectet lympha perennis agros?
Disce, (nec indignum) monitus; — quæ donat egenti,
Unde sit, et cujus, nesciat ille manum.

W. L.

XCVIII.

HIC, ubi potat ovis, luteam torrentis ab alveo,
Tu nimis hanc tepidam sperne, viator, aquam:
Trans juga montivagis, brevis est mora, nota juvencis,
Rustica qua viridem pinus obumbrat humum,
Murmurat e riguis saliens ubi rupibus humor,
Fonte leva nivibus frigidiore sitim.

B.

XCIX.

To a Lady singing a Song of his composing.

Chloris, yourself you so excel,
When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought,
That, like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Echo with so sweet a grace
Narcissus' loud complaints returned,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voice, the boy had burned.

Waller.

C.

Hope.

Hope, heav'n-born cherub, still appears,
Howe'er misfortune seems to lower;
Her smile the threatening tempest clears,
And is the rainbow of the shower.

XCIX.

Incautus Magister.

Te superas tantum, me judice, Chlori, canoris
Cum mea dignaris reddere verba modis;
Quem docui, cantu ut tenear quoque captus eodem,
Ipse sua qualis victus ab arte magus.

Una mihi sors est aquilæ communis et illi,
Quo periit, miserum trajiciente latus,
In calamo propriam quæ vidit conscia pennam,
Ibat in ætherium qua prius illa polum.

Si juvenum questus potuisset amabilis Echo
Tam bene blandito grata referre sono;
Ille puer geminæ vocis, nec imagine formæ
In liquidæ visa fonte flagrasset aquæ.

B.

C.

Spes.

Immineat gravida quamvis fortuna procella,
Dulcis adhuc claro spes micat orta polo:
Ore renidenti nimbos fugat illa minantes,
Lætus ut imbriferas arcus inaurat aquas.

B.

CI.

Alonzo the Brave and Fair Imogine.

A WARRIOR so bold and a virgin so bright
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight,
Alonzo the Brave was the name of the knight,
The maid's was the Fair Imogine.

"And, oh!" said the youth, "since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand."

"Oh! hush these suspicions," Fair Imogine said,
"Offensive to love and to me!
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin, that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

"And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting Alonzo the Brave,
God grant, that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as bride,
And bear me away to the grave!"

CI.

Alonzo et Imogena.

IMPIGER ad bellum miles, formosaque virgo,
  Ponebant viridi membra decora toro;
Alter in alterius vultu figebat ocellos,
  Alternosque dabant mollius ore sonos.
Fortis habebatur dux fortes inter Alonzo,
  Atque inter pulcros pulcra Imogena choros.
"Jamque," inquit juvenis, "quoniam me buccina Martis
  Cogit in amotos heu! procul ire locos,
Lacryma mutatum linquet male perfida vultum,
  Quæ dolet absentem lacryma prima virum;
Et lingua alterius gratum prætendet amorem,
  Alterius vincent mobile pectus opes."
"Desine me dubiis tandem vexare querelis,
  Quas ego, quas refugit non bene læsus amor;
Nam mihi, seu grato vescaris munere terræ,
  Seu corpus cæsi frigida celet humus,
Virgineum testor numen, tu solus amorem
  Servabis, fidam tu sine fraude manum.
Perfida sin alii jungatur dextra marito,
  Si tuus a nostro corde recedat amor,
Cœlestes reddat perjura superbia pœnas;
  Assideas nuptæ tu levis umbra mihi,
Assideas rapiasque tuo me fœdere vinctam,
  Inque Orci tenebras et loca cæca feras!"

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold;
  His love she lamented him sore:
But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when behold,
A Baron all covered with jewels and gold
  Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasure, his presents, his spacious domain,
  Soon made her untrue to her vows:
He dazzled her eyes; he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections so light and so vain,
  And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blessed by the priest;
  The revelry now was begun:
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast;
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
  When the bell of the castle tolled—ONE!

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
  That a stranger was placed by her side;
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound;
He spoke not, he moved not, he looked not around,
  But earnestly gazed on the bride.

Impiger Eoas miles properavit ad oras,
  Assiduis flevit questibus illa virum;
Sed vix transierat cursus revolubilis anni,
  (Heu! miseras annus protulit ille vices,)
Venit eques gemmisque nitens auroque decorus,
  Virginis et mœstas adstitit ante fores.
Dona videt gazasque, agros videt illa patentes,
  Nec puduit voti non meminisse sui.
Obstupuere oculi; mentem dementia cepit;
  Et novus infidæ pectore fervet amor.
Heu lévis! inconstans priscum non servat amorem,
  Jungitur atque alii perfida dextra viro.
Jamque illis ritus sacravit voce sacerdos;
  Bacchatur plena turba potita dape,
Mensa sub impositis epulis onerata laborat,
  Et reboant crebris atria celsa jocis.
Necdum lætitiæ risus strepitusque quiêrant,
  Quum campana novum prodidit icta diem.
Obstupuit virgo, vultus tremefacta decoros,
  Ignotum cernens accubuisse virum.
Terribilis vultu, formaque et corpore toto,
  Dignatur nullos reddere voce sonos.
Non loquitur, non membra movet, non vertit ocellos,
  At nuptæ vultus figit in ora suos.

His vizor was closed, and gigantic his height;
His armour was sable to view:
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burnt blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spoke the bride, while she trembled: "I pray,
Sir Knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer."

The lady is silent: the stranger complies,
His vizor he slowly unclosed:
Oh! then what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise,
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout;
All turn'd with disgust from the scene.
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept o
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine: —

Induerat magnos armis nigrantibus artus,
  Ora sub obscura casside tecta latent.
Illo lætitiæ viso risusque quiescunt,
  Horrendum refugit cernere quisque virum.
Pertimuere canes visum, pavidique recedunt;
  Cærulea e trepida lampade flamma micat.
Illius attonitam terret præsentia turbam,
  Nescio quis cunctis horror in ore sedet.
Pallescunt taciti; tandem nova nupta profatur,
  Edere vix tremulas hospitis ausa preces.
"Dignare oh! tandem galeam deponere vultu,
  Nec pudeat nostras participare dapes."
Illa silet, precibusque simul novus annuit hospes,
  Et galeam a cæco segnius ore movet.
Di tale ex oculis Superi defendite monstrum,
  Quale oculis visum virginis attonitæ!
Nescio qua præter solitum formidine victa,
  Expositum spectri vidit inane caput.
Obstupuere omnes, strepitumque dedere paventes,
  Cernere nec tantum sustinuere nefas.
Motubus alternis vermes repsere per artus,
  Luseruntque oculis temporibusque cavis,
Dum caput horrificum volvens et inania vultus
  Aggreditur nuptam talibus umbra sonis: —

"Behold me, thou false one! behold me!" he cried;
"Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants, that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side,
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!"

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sank with his prey through the wide-yawning ground:
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre who bore her away.

Not long lived the Baron: and none since that time
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell, that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

At midnight four times in each year does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton-knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around.

"En ego! cerne meos," clamat, "male perfida, vultus,
  In mentem redeat fortis Alonzo tuam,
Provocat ultrices perjura superbia Divos,
  Assideo nuptæ flebilis umbra tibi.
Increpat infidam mea vox, sponsamque reposcit,
  Ibis et ad nigras tu mea præda domos."
Virginis hæc inter teneros complectitur artus,
  Dum trepidos ululans mittit ad astra sonos.
Terra sinus umbræ late patefecit eunti,
  Cum præda in cæcos mergitur illa locos.
Non iterum ex illo conspecta est tempore virgo,
  Non iterum e terris quæ tulit umbra comes.
Nec mora, cedit eques morti, vacuasque per aulas
  Amplius haud gressus personuere virûm.
Scilicet hic, priscis liceat si credere fastis,
  Arbitrio ac summi voce coacta Dei,
Damnata æternas Imogena expendere pœnas
  Et sortem et fati jura severa dolet.
Et quater in media mirandum! nocte quotannis,
  Quum Morpheus hominum lumina victa tenet,
Illa venit fulgens, Hymenæas candida vestes,
  Et sponsi apparet militis umbra simul.
Ille iterum arreptam complexu torquet inani,
  Illa novos ululans mittit ad astra sonos.

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the
grave,
Dancing round them pale spectres are seen:
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl:—"To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the False Imogine!"

M. G. Lewis.

CII.

—— 'T is sweet to hear
At midnight on the blue and moonlit deep
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,
By distance mellowed, o'er the waters sweep;
'T is sweet to see the evening star appear;
'T is sweet to listen as the night-winds creep
From leaf to leaf; 't is sweet to view on high
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the sky.

Byron.

Cuique est calva manu cyathus modo rapta sepulcro,
  Dum circum glomerant monstra nefanda choros.
Purpureus tristi sanguis dat vina catervæ,
  Carminis horrendi vox repetita tonat.
Et "Salve fortis, salve," conclamat, "Alonzo,
  Et nimium fido falsa Imogena viro."

J. E. B.

CII.

JUVAT per alta noctis, orta cærulum
  Cum Cynthia accendit mare,
Audire nautæ lene carmen Adriæ
  Ab ultimo ferri sinu,
Paresque remos, suaviterque per freta
  Longinqua produci sonum:
Juvat videre et Hesperi primas faces;
  Juvatque foliis ingruens
Furtiva noctis anima per silentium:
  Juvat stupescere Iridem
Sublimis arcu metiatur ut polum,
  Subnixa Neptuno pedem.

J. E.

CIII.

Meleagri Epigramma.

Δακρυα σοι καὶ νέρθε διὰ χθονός, Ἡλιοδώρα,
δωροῦμαι στοργᾶς λείψανον εἰς Ἀΐδαν,
δάκρυα δυσδάκρυτα· πολυκλαύτῳ δ᾽ ἐπὶ τύμβῳ,
σπένδω νᾶμα πόθων, μνᾶμα φιλοφροσύνας.
οἰκτρὰ γάρ, οἰκτρὰ φίλαν σε καὶ ἐν φθιμένοις Με-
λέαγρος
αἰάζω, κενεὰν εἰς Ἀχέροντα χάριν.
αἴ, αἴ, ποῦ τὸ ποθεινὸν ἐμοὶ θάλος; ἅρπασεν Ἅιδας,
ἅρπασεν, ἀκμαῖον δ᾽ ἄνθος ἔφυρε κόνις.
ἀλλά σε γουνοῦμαι, γᾶ παντρόφε, τὰν πανόδυρτον
ἠρέμα σοῖς κόλποις, μᾶτερ, ἐναγκάλισαι.

CIV.

To John I owed great obligation;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation;
Sure John and I are more than quit.

Earl Nugent.

CIII.

In Filiam ademtam.

Quod tribuit busto pietas suprema, vel umbræ
Do per humum lacrymas, Heliodora, tuæ.
Hunc cape, qui tumulum mœstissimus irrigat, imbrem,
Quem memor affectus libat, et orbus amor.
Nam miser ah! misere plango Meleagrus ademtam;
Manibus hic vanus sit licet omnis honos.
Heu! mihi dulcis ubi soboles? ferus abstulit Orcus,
Abstulit! in verno jam nigra flore cinis.
At, precor, o rerum nutrix amplectere Tellus,
Inque tuo, Mater, leniter abde sinu.

B.

CIV.

Gratia relata.

Quæ nobis satis ampla contulisti,
Aureli, benefacta, tu per omnes
Vulgasti plateas, et angiportus:
Quis neget tibi gratiam hanc relatam?

G.

CV.

On a Grotto near a Stream.

HEALTH, rose-lipped cherub, haunts this spot,
She slumbers oft in yonder nook;
If in the shade you find her not,
Plunge — and you 'll find her in the brook.

CVI.

We met.

WE met! 't was in a crowd,
And I thought he would shun me:
He came; I could not breathe;
For his eye was upon me.

He spoke; his words were cold,
And his smile was unaltered:
I knew how much he felt;
For his deep-toned voice faltered.

I wore my bridal robe,
And I rivalled its whiteness;
Bright gems were in my hair,
How I hated their brightness!

CV.

In Speluncam juxta Flumen sitam.

HÆC amat arva Salus, roseis dea pulcra labellis,
Isteque sopitam sæpe recessus habet;
Sit tibi pumicea si non inventa sub umbra,
Insili — et in gelidis invenietur aquis.

B.

CVI.

ΠΛΗΣΙΟΝ ἵστατ' ἐμοῦ· πουλὺς δ' ἐς ταυτὸν ὅμιλος
ἤλυθεν· ἦν δ' ἐσιδεῖν ὥστε μ' ἀλευόμενος.
ὡς δ' ἴδον, ὡς ἄπνευστον ἕλεν δέος εἰσορόωσαν·
οὐδὲ φέρειν δυνάμην ὄμμα προσερχομένου.
ὕστατον αὖ προσέειπεν, ἔπος τ' ἔφατ', ὡς τὸ πάρος περ
μειδιόων, ψυχρὸς δ' ἔπλετ' ἐς ὦτα λόγος.
ἀλλ' οὐ μὰν γὰρ ἔληθέ μ' ἔχων μάλα κήδεα θυμῷ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔτ' ἀστεμφὲς φώνεεν, ὡς ἐφίλει.
λευκὸς μέν μοι πέπλος ἔην, νυμφεῖον ἄγαλμα,
τοῦ δ' ἐφάνην αὐτὴ καὶ πολὺ λευκοτέρη.
κόσμοισιν δ' ἤσκηντο κόμαι πολλοῖσι φαεινοῖς,
ὡς δ' ἐμοὶ ἐξ αὐτῶν στυγνὸν ἔλαμπε σέλας.

He called me by my name,
  As the bride of another:
Oh! thou hast been the cause
  Of this anguish, my mother!

And once again we met;
  And a fair girl was near him:
He smiled, and whispered low,
  As I once used to hear him.

She leaned upon his arm;
  Once 'twas mine, and mine only:
I wept; for I deserved
  To feel wretched and lonely.

And she will be his bride!
  At the altar he'll give her
The love that was too pure
  For a heartless deceiver.

The world may think me gay;
  For my feelings I smother:
Ah! thou hast been the cause
  Of this anguish, my mother!

W. Haynes Bayley.

καὶ τότε φωνήσας σεμνήν μ' ὀνόμηνε δάμαρτα, —
μῆτερ ἐμή, σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' αἴτιον ἐσσὶ κακῶν.
Καὶ πάλιν αὖθις ἴδον. καλὴ δὲ παρίστατο κούρη·
χείλεσι δ' ἐν μαλακοῖς ἡδὺς ἔπαιζε γέλως.
ὡς καὶ ἐγὼ γελόωντος ἴδον ποτὲ φαιδρὰ πρόσωπα·
ἧκα δ' ἀπὸ γλώσσης ἔρρεεν αὖθις ἔπη.
χειρὶ δ' ἐρειδομένη, τῇ ἐγὼ πάρος ἠρηρείσμην,
εἴχετο, — φεῦ λυγρῆς ἥ μ' ἕλεν ἀμπλακίης.
δὴ τότε δάκρυα θερμὰ χέον, καὶ γάρ τ' ἐνόησα
ὡς χάρις ἡ πρόσθεν πᾶσ' ἀπόλωλε βίου.
καὶ τήνδ' ἄρ γαμέει· τῇδ' ὅρκια πιστὰ ταμόντων
ἀμφοτέρων, ἔσεται κοινὸς ἐσαιὲν ἔρως.
ὡς ὄφελέν ποτ' ἐμοί — τί δὲ ταῦτ', ἀεσίφρον, ἀλύεις;
σοῦ γ' ἔλαχεν πολλῷ πιστοτέρην ἄλοχον.
καί ποτέ τίς τ' ἐρέει· — πένθος δέ μοι ἵξεται ἦτορ·
ὡς ἄρ' ἄγεις πολλαῖς ἤματ' ἐν εὐφροσύναις.
ὥς ποτέ τίς μ' ἐρέει· σὺ δὲ τῶνδ' ὅσ' ἄλαστα πέπονθα,
μῆτερ ἐμή, πάντων αἴτιον ἐσσὶ κακῶν.

W. L.

CVI.

Idem Latine redditum.

Cœtus erat densus; convenerat hospes eodem:
Obvius at, rebar, non volet esse mihi.
Obvius est;—presso mihi languet spiritus haustu:
Fixerat in vultus lumina nota meos.

N 4

Alloquitur; frigent solennia verba loquenti;
Risus inest placidis, qualis et ante, labris:
Nescia sed non sum quid fortem torqueat intus;
Hæret enim tremulo vox gravis illa sono.

Ipsa maritali cultu miseranda nitebam,
Non minus albenti candida veste nurus.
Clara mihi comtos ornabat gemma capillos:
Ille micans odio quam mihi fulgor erat!

Nominis accepti consortem dicta salutant,
Protinus et conjux, non sua, rite vocor.
Hujus at ah! natæ, male consiliata labanti,
Improba, tu, mater, causa doloris eras!

Nec satis id pœnæ: semel at convenimus una
Rursus; et astabat pulcra puella comes.
Ille renidebat, submissa et voce beatæ
Dulce susurrabat, sicut et ante mihi:

Illa gradus socio firmabat nixa lacerto,
Qui prius haud alii, quam mihi, dandus erat.
Me miseram et solam! sed et hoc sentire merebar!
Nec poteram lacrymas continuisse meas.

Nubet at illa suo! castam juratus ad aram,
  Qui dabit optatæ pignora sancta manus.
Iste magis sincerus amor, magis illud honestum,
  Pectora quam deceat perfida nostra jugum.

Scilicet et populo videar festiva levisque!
  Sub placido vultu saucia corda gero.
Tu mihi, quæ sponsæ rupisti heu! fœdera, mater,
  Tam gravis uxori vulneris auctor eras!

B.

CVII.

Propinatio ad Celiam.

Alia versio: vid. p. 44.

Ex oculis, mea lux, solis taciturna propines;
  Conscius ex oculis mutua verba dabo.
Linque vel impressi cyatho vestigia labri,
  Cura nec infusi tunc erit ulla meri.
Ætherii laticis restingui postulat haustu,
  Acrior ex animo quæ flagrat orta sitis;

Sed Jovis ipsius mihi si gustare liceret,
  Illud adhuc mallem nectar ab ore tuo.
Quo modo te rosei donavi munere serti,
  Non tuus est illo tam mihi cultus honos;
Spes data quam foliis, te non peritura gerenti,
  Sed fore contactu se recreata tuo.
Hæc semel afflasti, vivuntque; tuusque remissis
  Suavior ex illo, nec suus, halat odor.

B.

FINIS PARTIS PRIMÆ.

PARS SECUNDA.



I.

Victoria Britanniarum Regina

S. P. Q. B.

IMPERIUM CAPESSENS.

Ergo nil valuere preces et vota suorum!
Abstulit atra dies et ineluctabile fatum
Delicias populi nautam, cui pectora circum
Robur et intrepidæ præsens constantia mentis
Et pelagi et tumidos plebis stravere furores.
Cedere nam clavo tandem Gulielmus avito
Debuit; amplexuque tuo gremioque foventis
Cedere, quæ solis illi minus ipsa Britannis

Cara suis, soloque Deo minus ipsa cubanti
Dulce levamen eras, tanto regina per orbem
Maxima, quo cunctis, Adelai, fidelior uxor.
At lacrymas inter lætata renidet obortas,
Qualis ubi nebulis cœli per aperta fugatis
Purpureo redit ore dies, Irisque per imbrem
Mille colorato suspendit in æthere gemmas,
Auspice te, crudum mulcetque Britannia luctum,
Nomine quæ fausto, Victoria, nata triumphis,
Excipis et patrui dotes animumque virilem.
Ut subit illius gratissima lucis imago,
Concilium gemino qua tunc revocante senatu,
Ordinibus coram lectis populique patrumque
Splendida fœmineo te vidit curia cœtu
Jura tribus primum dantem regalia terris:
Clara cohors cum te procerum comitata sequaci
Stipavere ducem pompa, sacrosque tulerunt
Imperii fasces, gestamina prisca tuorum.
Quanta puellari sedet ista in fronte juventæ
Gratia! quanta sedet gravitas composta pudicæ
Virginis, et lati majestas conscia regni!
Ut simul augusti ventum est ad limina tecti,
Per medium placide gradiens formosa senatum
Vix animæ teneros poteras cohibere tumultus,

Mitia quin gravido rorarent lumina fletu;
Tam grave cum regni pondus, cum lubrica rerum,
Demtaque privatæ sentires gaudia vitæ.
Nec tamen hanc ultra doluisti regia sortem;
Sed decus, et stirpis generosæ mascula virtus,
Sed data te monuit gentis, tibi cura Britannæ:
Tunc oculis rediere quies et spiritus ori
Firmus, et incessu stabili regina patebas.
Quis pia miratis tentavit corda Britannis
Motus, et insolita trepidus dulcedine sensus!
Et nisi frænassent sancti reverentia vultus
Altaque solenni servanda silentia ritu,
Concita præcipiti fremuissent agmina plausu,
Ebria bacchantem neque mens tacuisset amorem.
Utere, dum fas est, quo sola potiris in ipsam
Arbitrio: brevis illa tibi concessa potestas
Libera tota jugi; sceptroque valentior isto
In sua castus amor rediget te jura libentem,
Cum tua te digno tradens jurata marito
Sponte fides cupidis implebit vota Britannis;
Tuque reges illos, eadem parebis at uni,
Qui tamen et dominam colet ipse, regetur et ultro.

B.

II.

The Call of Cyrus.

Isacidas patriæ extorres qui redderet urbi,
  Qui daret auspicio condere templa novo,
Cyrum, animo Isaias longe dum prospicit, ultro
  Suscitat, et magna in munia voce ciet: —
"Exoriare olim Medorum e finibus ultor
  Prostratam possis qui relevare Salem!
Macte animo! Ipse aciem fausto Deus omine ducit,
  Ipse sua præsens agmina firmat ope.
Jamque Semiramiam Euphrates quạ dividit urbem
  Ipsa dabunt faciles versa fluenta vias:
Jamque tibi æratis Babylon labat ardua portis,
  Ferreaque avulso cardine claustra patent.
Cerno irrumpentes inopino milite turmas
  Complere ingenti regia tecta metu;
Cerno inopes animi vulgo per compita cives
  Incassum sera se glomerare fuga.
Hæc, utcunque tuos lateant fata abdita sensus,
  Nec scis, qui claro te vocat ore Deus,
Macte animo tamen! et sortitas accipe palmas;
  Auspice te instauret dum sua templa Salem!"

W.

III.

Medicorum avarorum Fallaciæ.

Fomenta vulnus nil malum levantia.

Palladiæ quondam functus vice cotis, aprico
Reddere me cœlo volui, si tædia possem
Languidus arguti spatiando fallere saxi.
Scilicet angustæ fastidia ponere cellæ
Tunc juvat, oblitum gyri, vitæque molaris;
Sicubi per plateas errans de mente revellam
Discipulûmque simul culpas, acuendaque frustra
Ingenia, et lenti demissas instar aselli
Auriculas; libros, alienæ scrinia Musæ,
Queis manus insudat furax, chartasque recoctas.
Atque ibi vexatas miseris stridoribus aures
Dum vagus Allobrogum recreat modulatus Apollo;
Obvius occurrit nostri novus incola vici
(O utinam duro notus mihi nomine tantum!)
Doctus Hyperphialus, medicus, chirurgus, et idem
Pharmacopola, triplex monstrum; tres luridus artes
Funeris intentat, leti discrimine parvo.
Hunc ego dum propere pulsantem compita cerno

Quo pede regales ocreato pallidus arces
Exanimatque humiles pariter veniente tabernas,
Territus elabi cupio: non secius instat
Improbus; at facili consuetum cardine verti
Comiter inclinat demto caput ante galero.
Ut valeo, rogat, et "Bene" respondere paratum
Occupat horrentem lævæ prior omine frontis: —
"Heus! quid agis, qui te graviter spirantibus auris
Credideris talem? collo focale, lacernam,
Qui sapit, obducet tergo, dominantibus Euris.
Crudus es, et, video, tibi lutea bilis ocellos
Inficit,—indicium strictos non posse meatus
Rumpere, qui laxis exsudat inutilis humor.
Hinc male defensum, contracto frigore, corpus
Vastat in his tectis nunc ignea febris: — in aurem
Hoc tibi; nam pavidas agitant mala murmura damas.
Ipse domi maneas; poteris si forte sub ægra
Tutior esse domo! — non est mihi tempus aventi
Dicere plura; cubant multi, quos visere prodest."
"At per ego hos oro ructus, pilulasque tuas te,"
Concitus exclamo, "cæci miserere perîcli!
Dic mihi, namque potes, præsens affixa grabato
Tollere, perpetuo vel sternere membra veterno,
Siquis et has procerum morbi dolor afficit ædes,

Num dabitur ptisana? et mentem mortalia tangent?"
"Pone metus," inquit, "medico duce salvus abibis;
Ipse adero custos, monitumque subinde tuebor,
Si quid erit, primo solers occurrere morbo."
Cætera quid referam? vana formidine captos
Illaqueans sensus, fictæ simulamine pestis
Decipit; et, nummis inhians non impiger auceps,
Sæpe salutantis ponit sub imagine casses.
Livida me macies, sumto medicamine, carpit,
Verus agit dolor: at rectos vix debilis artus
Dum teneo, patuit tandem mihi credulus error,
Eripui et tetris sero mea labra venenis.
Jussus Hyperphialus merito plorare recessit
Irritus, et nondum spoliis indutus opimis;
Relliquias vitæ miseras, vacuamque crumenam
Prisca valetudo, medico parcente, revisit.

B.

IV.

Death in Battle and on a Sick-Bed.

Si miseranda venit quæ sævo in Marte cadentes
  Præcipiti sternit mors inopina manu;
Clamor ubi bellantûm et pectoris incita virtus,
  Et stimulat claræ vox animosa tubæ:
Respice quam gravior, centis quæ passibus instans
  Imminet insomni desuper ægra toro!
Sensim ubi se insinuat morbi penetrabile virus,
  Intimaque occultus permeat ossa dolor:
Et languent artus tremuli, et vix impete raro
  Deficiens hebeti sanguine vena cadit.
Jamque et nox oculos pigra caligine obumbrat,
  Et vix ora gravem spiritum anhela trahunt:
Tum circumfusi trepida formidine amici
  Mussare, et dubia spargere voce metum;
Adde etiam lacrymasque domus, planctusque suorun
  Adde, quibus conjux deflet amata virum:
Hæc angunt morientem—hinc mortis amarior hora
  Quo magis ante oculos quæ tibi demat habes.

V

V.

Ad Juliam lacrymantem.

EHEU! Julia cara, delicatæ
Quid pallent tibi gratiæ genarum?
Quid muto lacrymans hebet dolore
Quondam lætitia nitens ocellus?
Sed tecum Charites, sed ipse mœret
In vultu gremioque seminudo
Servans excubias Amor fideles.
At tu, Julia, simplici corolla
Fluentes humero liga capillos,
Et priscos pete, sic venusta, lusus,
Risus flexanimos, brevesque rixas.
Sic te, inter niveas tuas sodales,
Designet lepidæ decus choreæ
Iste lucidus et loquax ocellus,
Suavis arbiter elegantiarum.

W. H.

VI.

Naufragus.

Ἐν δὲ θαλάττῃ
πλεῖστα πολυκλαύτου κήδεα ναυτιλίης.

Quod superest solum, pulsati fluctibus udas
  Corporis exuvias, relliquasque trabis,
Hac tibi votiva sacro, Neptune, tabella,
  Gratus ab infidis navita sospes aquis.
Ah! pereat, quicunque cavas Aquilonibus alnos
  Credidit, et vetitum trans mare rupit iter.
Ecce! susurranti blanditur murmure ventus,
  Undaque crispatis ridet aprica vadis.
Mox, ubi mutati niger ingruet ætheris horror,
  Per tenebras rarum fulgura lumen erunt.
Tumque frement clamorque virûm rabiesque procellæ,
  Sternet et exanimis fortia corda metus.
Siccine longinquis redeo ditatus ab oris?
  Hæccine sunt duræ præmia tanta viæ?
Æger, inops, exspes, scopulis laceratus acutis,
  Hoc lucror a varia merce? Valete rates.

B.

VII.

In Nonas Novembres.

TUMULTUOSUM cum rate Belgica
Vilhelmus æquor scinderet, ut potens
Hospes laborantes Britannos
Servitio eriperet: furentem
Neptunus undam stravit, ut advenæ
Fata auspicati diceret. "I; piam
Pugnam capessens, i, secundo
Omine per mea regna tutus,
Dum destinatam veneris insulam,
Quæ læta frondoso accipiet sinu
Te, grande tutamen petitum
Imperiis, miseræque genti.
Io! Britannis, ille dies, meis
Qui pulcer olim funera depulit,
Gentique devotæ paratas
Prodidit insidias ruinæ.
Majore crescit laude recentior,
Te bellicosis cum sociis ferens,
O magne libertatis ultor!
Incolumem Angliacas ad oras:

Te, cujus ultro vivida Martiis
Minis tyrannus femineo metu
Horrebit ora, ac terga retro
Versa fugæ dabit indecoræ.
Qualis tenellos, exitium gregis,
Prædatus agnos de stabulo lupus
In valle prospectum repente
Contremuit fugiens leonem.
Pulso tyranno, jam video tuis
Armis Iernen plaudere, et hostico
Cruore perfusum Boïnam
Purpureos agitare fluctus.
Post hoc, sinistris usque laboribus
Movebit ensem serus inutilem,
Volvetque cum Gallis inanes
Insidias furialis exul.
Regna ordinabis providus arbiter,
Vanæque Galli fræna superbiæ
Ingrata ponet, Te ministro
Rite sui Themis usa juris.
Hinc magne vindex! te colet ultimis
Europa terris, o acie gravis
Bellator! o felix remotas
Fœderibus sociare gentes."

W.

VIII.

Iri Fastus.

Υἱὸς . . . Λυκάονος εὔχεται εἶναι.

Æris inops mentisque, Libo nil præter avorum
Nomina, non uno ditior asse crepat.
Aurea si staret, quæ cerea nunc stat imago,
Crede mihi, antiquos venderet ille patres!

B.

IX.

Lines inscribed on the Tomb of Miss Brougham,

ONLY DAUGHTER OF LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM,

WHO DIED AT THE AGE OF XVIII.

Blanda Anima e cunis heu! longo exercita morbo
Inter maternas heu! lacrymasque patris,
Quas risu lenire tuo jucunda solebas,
Et levis, et proprii vix memor ipsa mali:
I pete cœlestes ubi nulla est cura recessus!
Et tibi sit nullo mista dolore quies!

W.

X.

Pudor.

Αἴσχεα δειδιότες καὶ ὀνείδεα.

DILECTA cœli progenies, Pudor!
Puro supremus quem Pater æthere
Demisit in terras, potentem
Rite vagos revocare mores
Ad sancta Recti limina; et addere
Insanienti vincla Licentiæ,
Mentemque delicto paratam
In media cohibere culpa:
Secretus imo corde nocentium
Curas, et acres exacuis metus,
Scelusque furtivum sequaci
Exagitas face certus ultor.
At innocenti gratior assides
Menti magister: gaudet enim tuæ
Parere tutelæ, vigetque
Voce tua stabilita virtus.
Tu castitati te comitem admoves
Semper decorum: non oriens aquas
Aurora fulgentes colorat
Splendidior, variumque cœlum,

Quam tu pererras virginum amabili
Genas rubentes luce modestiæ,
Rosasque vivas per venusta
Ora seris, nitidumque collum.
Tu claustra avaræ dura aperis manus:
Fœdæque somnos rumpis inertiæ:
Tu cogis imbellem frementes
Militiæ tolerare fluctus.
O nostra lenis pectora temperes!
Semperque præsens, et precor, integrum
Fidus per infestas tueri
Illecebras vitiosiorum.

W.

XI.

Collegium S. Mariæ Magdalenæ.

Dulces . . . reminiscitur Argos.

Augustæ circum moles, et dædala prisci
Artificis cælata manu miracula turres;
Vos, nemus et ripæ virides, dilectaque Phœbo
Atria, carminibus quondam loca conscia nostris,
Irriguos Cervellus ubi prælabitur agros!
Quæ vel adhuc absens video, non immemor unquam,

Vanaque me ludit species, et amabilis error;
Ut redit illius placidus mihi temporis ordo,
Quo vacuus curis Musarum ego sedulus hortos
Lustrabam, studiis florens ignobilis otî.
Quod mihi si, vestris ex quo caruisse latebris
Strenua me jussit cessantem vita, pedumque
Quod novus erepto custos pastore recepi,
Otia Pierio non sint concessa sub antro;
Sed meliora sequens cœlesti fervidus æstu
Appetat illimes animus mihi sanior haustus,
Nec nisi divino velit indulgere furori:
Fas tamen et nunc sit colles paulisper amœnos
Prataque Castaliis reminisci lucida rivis.
Scilicet has olim gratas meditantibus umbras
Ingenuo cantu spatiatus mulsit alumnus
Post alios alius; nec defuit alter adulto
Vate tener, sylvæque recens et numinis hæres.
Et, precor, o desit nunquam; sed, qualis et ante,
Alma tuo nutrix pubes succrescat honori!
At sua quæque vices patiuntur; et illa fuerunt
Tempora: mutatis nec, quæ placuere, placebunt.
Quin tibi si Graiæque lepos Latiæque Camœnæ
Sordeat, et positi capiant fastidia plectri;
Præmia si lauri numeris desueta canoris

Negligat, infelix studiorum, inculta juventus;
Tunc, Rhedycina, tuos (absint procul omina dictis!)
Pieria tandem spoliatos fronde penates,
Hoc nemus, hos fontes, et quæ pulcerrima conjux
Rura suo Thamæ dotalia tradidit Isis,
Deseret indignans Phœbi chorus omnis; amatum
Deseret hospitium, quo non optatius olim
Præbuerant dulces, heu! flebile nomen, Athenæ.

B.

XII.

Pisgæ Specula.

DEUT. xxxiv.

CONSTITIT optatæ propter confinia terræ,
  Qua speculum ex alto vertice Pisga dabat:
Constitit, atque acie nondum languente, Moÿses
  Subjectos avido lumine lustrat agros.
Hinc, et Amorrheæ valles et pascua cerni,
  Quosque alit innumeros læta Peræa greges.
Hinc, et qua Paneæ Jordanes fontibus ortus
  Centum antiqua sacris oppida lambit aquis:
Roscidus inde Hermon, Libanique halantia longe
  Culmina, odoratis stant redimita cedris.

Serta comis, hilarique lyram sociare choreæ:
Plurima lætitiæ facies! nisi carcere septus
Sollicito arrecta si quis penetrabile vulgi
Aure capit murmur, properi sibi nuncia fati
Gaudia: quippe brevem damnato fecerat absens
Sacra moram puppis, quam nunc ah! læta reversam
Turba sui compos voti gratata salutat,
Undique diffusis quæ libera vescitur auris.
At tamen est, tali quem non mala vincula luctu,
Non movet impavidum, festinæ prævia mortis
Signa, cavo populi geminatus carcere clamor.
Ille, Anyti reus, insonti sua pectore constans
Fata manet: frustra precibus fletuque negantem
Aggreditur, suadetque fugam, pendere docentis
Cœtus ab ore viri solitus, modo sacra Lycei
Tecta colens platanosque Ilissi grata bibentes
Flumina, nunc sylvas Academi et dulcia Phœbo
Atria, Socraticis posthac caritura loquelis.
"Has," ait, "exuvias, hoc tanti penditis ægrum
Corpus? et hoc, animæ quod nil nisi fictile tegmen?
Lampade ceu lux ipsa minor, ceu gemma sit arca
Vilior; aut olim volucris consueta per amplum
Æthera trans densam nebulæ sine more vagari
Congeriem, caveæ claustris exire solutis

Nolit, amans luctus; at silvis exulet ultro,
Comparis, et nidi, flammæque oblita prioris!
Nam, licet hæc rigeat gelido compressa veterno
Lingua, nec hos præsens moderetur spiritus artus,
Parte tamen meliore mei super astra superstes
Evehar, ordinibus qua Mens ascripta beatis
Gestit et integro vitæ de fonte rigatas
Purpureas quatiens pennas, videt intus apertam
Conscia naturam rerum, neque flebilis arcto
Æstuat externi conclusa in limite sensus;
Igneus huic etenim vigor, et cœlestis origo.
Credite, digna manent sanctos ubi præmia manes,
Et procul effracto vivax fugit umbra sepulcro,
Ipse Ego secretas sedes et læta piorum
Rura colam, serusque leves dolor anget Athenas."
Ergo, ubi nulla moræ fingenda est caussa trahendæ,
Nec licet occiduos exspectent longius ignes;
Tum dolor, et pietas digressu victa supremo
Solvitur in lacrymas: nam Sol ruiturus opaci
Post juga delituit Pindi, croceumque cubile
Jam repetit pronus, multis rediturus; ocellis
Unius ah! nunquam posthac rediturus; at olli
Fixa acies sævo torpet restincta veneno.

B.

XIV.

Ad Amicum

QUI ME, PUELLA QUADAM ASPECTA, EAM DEPERITURUM FORE DIXERAT.

VIDI: sed neque me genæ
  Fulgor purpureus, nec gremium mihi
Pulcrum surripuit, neque
  Lucentes oculi, splendida sidera, aut
Collum candidius nive.
  Vidi: sed refugit mens, quia ferrea
Linguæ garrulitas; quia
  Nil pectus muliebre aut tenerum gerit.
Non uno Venus improba
  Cunctos consequitur vulnere: lacrymis
Hic fœdans tacite genas
  Incumbit miseris semper amoribus;
Hic mutat vagus in dies
  Lectos instabili corde cupidines.
Te fulgentia lucidi
  Præstringunt oculi fulgura; te genæ,
Et labri nimius nitor;
  At jucunda meos aura modestiæ
Sensus perdomuit magis,
  Et molli retinet pectora vinculo;

Quantum nec potuit nitor,
  Quantum nec levitas, imperiosaque
Pulcræ forma superbiæ.
  Me demissa solo lumina languide
Dulci pelliciunt face;
  Me simplex tenera quæ rosa subrubet
Et mutabilis in gena;
  Me casto trepidans corde juvat pudor.

W. H.

XV.

Ad Oliverum,

REIP. ANG. SCOT. ET HIBERN. DOMINUM PROTECTOREM.

Pax regit Augusti, quem vicit Julius, orbem:
  Ille sago factus clarior, ille toga.
Hos sua Roma vocat magnos, et numina credit:
  Hic quod sit mundi victor, et ille quies.
Tu bellum et pacem populis das, unus utrisque
  Major es: ipse orbem vincis, et ipse regis.
Non hominem e cœlo missum te credimus; unus
  Sic poteras binos qui superare deos!

J. Locke, ex Æde Xti, 1654

XVI.

Octavia Antonio.

Illis nuptialibus facibus conflagrasse regiam suam.—*Liv.*

Si tibi non oculos penitus tua barbara pellex
  Fascinat, uxoris perlege signa manus.
Parva semel luxu data sit mora: perlege, solum
  Hoc petit infido læsa marita viro.
Non mihi jamdudum invisæ, natisque relictis,
  Sed sibi quod Marcus defuit ipse queror.
Hei mihi! cur unquam te Cydni ad flumina visit
  Pompa Canopææ perniciosa ratis!
Victorem tum cæcus amor, tum dira subegit
  Incautum positis te Cleopatra dolis.
Illa mali tibi prima lues: quam nuper iniquis
  Conjugii tædis auxit adulter Hymen.
Inde toro Furiam, quæ te famamque domumque
  Diruat, heu proprii funeris auctor! alis.
Nam neque quod placide patiar mea damna, quietum
  Te stupro speres luxuriare tuo:
Quæ me non movit, movet acrem injuria fratrem;
  Ille domus læsæ non levis ultor erit:
Ille ferox Pharia posthac bellator in urbe
  Cum dextra eripiet sceptra decusque tua;

Tum sero quid iniquus Hymen, quid adultera
  Gaudia pœnarum sint luitura genus.
Nempe tibi, qua sistra tubam crepitantia vincu
  Corda graves belli dedidicere minas:
Barbaricosque inter luxus, mollesque choreas,
  Regina et patrios indidit ipsa metus.
Hinc illam merita trepidantem morte secutus
  Infami poteris vertere terga fugæ.
Dum loquor at forsan cupidis effusus in ulnis,
  Noxia damnosæ pellicis ora foves.
Quid facis, Antoni? scelerati lampade amoris
  Funereum accendis nescius ipse rogum.
Scilicet amplexu dominæ fatalis inhærens
  Dimidias victi projicis orbis opes.
O! fuge Niliacæ Circes mala pocula! causam
  Si poteris culpæ linquere, tutus eris.
Sic ego amicitiæ sperem sub fœdere rursus
  Cæsareas tecum jungere posse manus:
At tibi ne videar Romana Octavia fido
  Hoc aliquid monitu consuluisse mihi,
Nec precibus semel aggrediar, nec questibus ul
  Ad thalamos profugum te revocare meos:
Sordet enim exoratus amor, longosque per usu
  Neglecto didici solo jacere toro.

XVII.

Hylas.

FROM THE DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

Huc, misellus Hylas ubi
Molli in cespite conditur,
Vos flentes pueri rosis
Mixta lilia, flentes
Vos adferte puellulæ
Ruris primitias breves,
Quot ver spirat odoribus,
Quos dat Flora colores.

At Larvæ procul, horridique
Absistent Lemures, neque huic
Luco dulce silentium
Rumpent dira querentes:
Sed canet bene mutuis
Pastor lætus amoribus,
Sed puella fatebitur
Queis aduritur ignes.

Te domi, gelidis simul
Caurus sæviet imbribus,

Vel procella ruet truci
Debacchata furore,
Te campis jaculo lupam
Sternens, indomitumve aprum,
Te desiderio gravi
Mœrens usque requiram.

Has inter lacrymas mihi
Sæpe per juga montium,
Vallesque irriguas, tui
Vana surget imago.
Nunc, dilecte puer, vale!
Fidis care sodalibus
Donec vita supersit, atque
Ipsa in morte dolende!

G.

XVIII.

Splendide mendax.

VIDIT ut auritum sub pelle leonis asellum,
Qui stolidum rauco proderet ore genus;
"Quid tibi cum larva?" vulpes ait; "exue vocem,
Pone caput;—veri signa parentis habes."

B.

XIX.

Deprecatio ad Cynthiam.

ERRABAM taciti solus per littora ponti,
  Quum vix compositas aura moveret aquas:
Vix oculo poteras fluctus servare trementes,
  Vix lentum pelagi concipere aure melos.
Quicquid erat, gratum cordi suadebat amorem,
  Alma quies cœli, blanda loquela maris;
Quippe videbantur lenes tua ferre susurri
  Nomina, te cœlum, te placida unda loqui.
Ergone miraris soli tibi dedita corda,
  Cynthia, mandati non meminisse tui?
Jussisti sane ex illo me littore conchas
  Et quæsita algæ dona referre tibi;
Jussisti — et circum passim levis alga jacebat,
  Rarior et concha calculus ante pedes.
Ast ego non algam potui, non cernere conchas,
  Exposuit frustra tum mihi pontus opes;
Scilicet ante oculos tua versabatur imago,
  Hæc mentem, sensus, omnia surripuit.
Quare aut dedoceas immensum pectus amorem,
  Errori aut parcas, nam tuus ille fuit.

J. E. B.

XX.

On Sir F. Chantrey's Monument to two Childr

IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

Α μοιρ' ἁ κρυερὰ τὼ καλὼ παῖδ' Ἀφροδίτας
ἥρπασε· τῶν καλῶν τίς κόρος ἔστ' Ἀΐδι;
ἀλλὰ σύ γ', Ἀγγελία, τὸν ἀήδεα μῦθον ἔχουσα
βάσκ' ἴθι παγκοίταν εἰς Ἀΐδαο δόμον.
λέξον δ'· Ὦ δαῖμον, τὰν καλὰν ὤλεσας ἄγραν,
οὐ γὰρ τὰς ψυχὰς οὐδὲ τὰ σώματ' ἔχεις.
αἱ μὲν γὰρ ψυχαὶ μετέβησαν ἐς οὐρανὸν εὐρύν·
σώματα δ' ἐν γαίᾳ νήγρετον ὕπνον ἔχει.

O. G.

XXI.

Old Bedlam.

Τῶν φρενοπλήκτων βουλεύματα.

Atra situ attollit veteres Bethlemia turres,
Et luctu, et sævo mœsta pavore domus.
Carceris ante fores, sera sub nocte viator
Accipit infandos claustra per arcta sonos:

Ira, dolor, confusa vago lamenta cachinno,
  Mistaque turbatis gaudia inepta minis;
Ingeminantque metum contorta flagella sub aulas,
  Perque cavas longe tracta catena vias.
Panduntur portæ — heu! quales Insania formas,
  Quanta agit obscura monstra sub æde Furor:
Aspicis! Ille levem cui vana Superbia mentem
  Inflavit, ficto cinctus honore sedet.
Straminea frons horrescit redimita corona,
  Straminea et gaudet sceptra tenere manus.
Scilicet hunc regni delectat inanis imago,
  Inque suo imperium carcere solus habet:
Et ferruginea solii de sede tyrannus
  Proculcat nudo juraque fasque pede,
Res hominumque deumque regens: at janitor instat,
  Regificumque domant verbera inusta ducem.
En alter procul atque ima secretus in aula
  Perpetuo exangues irrigat imbre genas,
Intenditque manus cœlo, neque tollere vultum
  Ausus, at ægra miser lumina fixit humi.
Dira Superstitio hunc, numen mentita deorum,
  Supplicii inferna terret iniqua face.
Sæpius ille, solo genubus submissus adesis,
  Incipit ambiguas voce tremente preces:

Sæpius in mediis male deficientia votis
  Ora repentino diriguere metu.
Iste Jovem simulans, pompam deposcit Olympi,
  Templaque, et ararum thura, precesque sibi:
Et Jovis incessu gradiens per carceris antra,
  Concitat amentes ad sua sacra greges.
Jamque faces quassat, falsosque Diespiter ignes
  Irritus, et grandi futilis ore tonat;
Flagra sonant circum, et simulato numine frustra,
  Conticuit fatui fulmen inane Jovis.
Mentis inops vanis implet fulgoribus auras,
  Invisique gemit vulnus amoris amans.
"Nil mea vota valent," fremit, "at vos ite capilli!
  Ite deæ nostræ! dicite quid sit amor!
Vos saltem laceri sparsique per aëra testes
  Este, meæ flammæ! vulneris este mei!
Excrucior — date tela citi succosque veneni!
  Emorior — tumulo tu, dea, funde rosas!"
Pro tumulo, pro flore rosæ, circum atria surgunt
  Risus, et effrenis sibila juncta jocis.
Audin'? Cui validis reboant ululatibus antra?
  Igne rubent oculi, torrida labra tremunt?
Hunc flammis Diræ ultrices, hunc turbine raptant,
  Et toto immanis spirat in ore furor.

Jam fremit horrendo risu, jamque impete verso
  Labitur insana lacryma mota vice.
Inde ferox, iraque minax, et concitus æstu,
  Flagitat arma amens, bella necemque ciet:
Devorat et solem, et stellas, et fulmina cœlo,
  Nunc ruit in superos, nunc Acheronta quatit.
Ægra subit ceu morte quies: conamine lassum
  Deficit in mediis cor furiale minis:
Collapsusque cadit, cellaque repostus in arcta
  Ferrato reddit membra revincta toro.

W.

XXII.

Η ΧΑΡΙΣ ΑΛΛΑΞΑΙ ΤΗΝ ΦΥΣΙΝ ΟΥ ΔΥΝΑΤΑΙ.

Την Μυκάλην κοσμεῖ μὲν ἐράσμια πάντα θύραζε,
  πᾶσιν ἀρέσκουσαν, πᾶσιν ἀρεσκομένην,
Παλλάδα φαινομένην γε φρένας, τό τε σῶμ' Ἀφροδίτην·
  οἴκοι δ' ἢν κατίδῃς, ἔσσεται αὖ Μυκάλη.

J. R.

XXIII.

In admirabilem illum Crichtonum Epitaphium.

Ω ΞΕΙΝ', ὅστις ἐμὸν μνημήϊον εἰσαφικάνεις,
  στῆθι, καὶ ἀργαλέην μάνθαν' ἐμεῖο τύχην.
ὃς πρὶν ἀριστεύσας σοφίῃ, τέχναισί θ' ἁπάσαις,
  παντοίης ἔφερον ῥεῖα μάλ' ἆθλα μάχης.
νῦν δέ μοι ἀλλοτρίῃ κόλπῳ κατὰ γαῖα καλύπτει
  σῶμα, καταφθιμένῳ παιδὸς ἀτασθαλίῃ.
κεῖμαι δ' ὧδ' ἀμέριμνος, ἐπεὶ τό γε λῆμα τυράννων
  τῶν εὐεργεσιῶν λήθεται, ὧν τις ἔχῃ.

G. B.

XXIV.

Ad Juliam.

QUID me severo lumine, Julia,
Mutata vitas, et nemorum immemor,
  Quorum reclinatis sub umbra
    Sæpe hilares abiere soles?

Cum tu renidenti in violario
Mollive lecto suavis amaraci,
Lente jaceres, nec, decoro
Rite premens strophio papillas,
Dîs invideres, dum tibi dulcia
Gratis ligabas vincula floribus,
Crinesque lascive per album
Læta dabas fluitare collum.
Sic delicato pulcrior otio,
Præclara quam si purpura candidos
Vestiret artus, aut capillos
Magnifico religaret aurum
Fulgore comtos. Te rosa simplici
Cultu nitentem, te melius decet
Flos veris, et furtim loquaces
Cærulei decorant ocelli.
Sed tu fidelem semper amoribus
Vatem secundo numine protegas,
O Memphis apricæ, Cnidique, et
Idaliæ Cytherea præses!

W. H.

XXV.

Mors Fatalis.

SALVE, quæ placidi grata sub imagine somni
  Subrepens, vitæ claudis amica diem,
Mors pure tranquilla, in quam matura senectus,
  Præscripta rerum sorte soluta cadit!
Non tibi fatidici exardent diro igne cometæ,
  Non tremit adventu conscia terra tuo;
Nec præsaga canit ferali carmine bubo,
  Nec rabidæ auditur vox ululare lupæ.
Verum ubi terrestri mens functa labore quietem
  Expetit, inque suas gestit abire domos,
Corporeis lente vinclis exsolvitur, et se
  Vix sentit vita deficiente mori:
Ut levis arboreos autumni sidere fructus
  Molliter in patrium decutit aura solum.
Tum socia composta manu, notosque Penates
  Inter, habet facilis lumina fessa sopor;
Quin et amicorum curæ lacrymæque sequuntur,
  Et modica instaurat funera justus honos.

Alta petant alii, et perituræ laudis amore
  Sanguineum insistant ambitionis iter;
Hac mihi sit, tacitæ decurso tramite vitæ,
  Hac demum in cœlos scandere posse via.

G.

XXVI.

Venandum.

Studiis operata Dianæ.

Roscida discutiens hebetes Aurora sopores
  Excitat agrestes ad data pensa manus.
Occupat apricam surgens venator alaudam,
  Impavido peragrans devia lustra pede.
Cornua læta canunt; montisque resultat imago,
  Multiplices geminans per cava saxa modos.
Urget odoratæ catulus vestigia prædæ:
  Præda volat, nullo tuta futura dolo.
Quanta, puer, nescis prælato gaudia lecto,
  Languida cui frangit membra soluta quies!
Scilicet, hæc eadem quo carpere posset, Adonis
  Sustinuit Veneris deseruisse latus.

B.

XXVII.

Salix Babylonica.

PASSIS mœsta comis, formosa doloris imago,
  Quæ, flenti similis, pendet in amne salix,
Euphratis nata in ripa Babylone sub alta
  Dicitur Hebræas sustinuisse lyras:
Cum, terra ignota, proles Solymæa refugit
  Divinum patriæ jussa movere melos;
Suspensisque lyris, et luctu muta, sedebat,
  In lacrymis memorans te, veneranda Sion!
Te, dilecta Sion! frustra sacrata Jehovæ,
  Te, præsenti Ædes irradiata Deo!
Nunc pede barbarico, et manibus temerata profanis,
  Nunc orbata tuis, et taciturna domus!
At tu, pulcra salix, Thamesini littoris hospes,
  Sis sacra, et nobis pignora sacra feras;
Qua cecidit Judæa, mones, captiva, sub ira,
  Victricem stravit quæ Babylona manus:
Inde, doces, sacra et ritus servare parentum,
  Juraque et antiqua vi stabilire fidem.
Me quoties curas suadent lenire seniles
  Umbra tua, et viridi ripa beata toro,

Sit mihi, primitiasque meas, tenuesque triumphos,
  Sit, revocare tuos, dulcis Etona! dies.
Auspice te, summæ mirari culmina famæ,
  Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar
Edidici puer, et jam primo in limine vitæ
  Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias:
O juncta Aonidum lauro præcepta salutis
  Æternæ! et Musis consociata fides!
O felix doctrina! et divina insita luce!
  Quæ tuleras animo lumina fausta meo:
Incorrupta, precor, maneas, atque integra, neu te
  Aura regat populi, neu novitatis amor:
Stet quoque prisca domus (neque enim manus impia tangat);
  Floreat in mediis intemerata minis;
Det Patribus Patres, Populoque det inclyta Cives,
  Eloquiumque foro, Judiciisque decus,
Conciliisque animos, magnæque det ordine genti
  Immortalem alta cum pietate fidem:
Floreat, intacta per postera secula fama,
  Cura diu patriæ, cura paterna Dei.

W. Aug. 22. 1839.

XXVIII.

Nihil fit ex Nihilo.

DUM sæpe invita vis scribere, Cotta, Minerva,
Judicio comitum scurra, poeta tuo,
Frons est illa quidem multa et præclara minantis,
Intonsumque patent colla imitata Deum.
Rodere nec satis est ungues, aut vellere barbam,
Scriniave alterna tundere dura manu;
Quin miserum pulsas iterumque iterumque cerebrum—
Nil pulsare valet, Cotta, ubi nemo domi est.

C. W.

XXIX.

Improba Siren.

Ἔνθα στᾶσ' ἤϋσε θεὰ . . . . .
Στέντορι εἰσαμένη . . . χαλκεοφώνῳ,
ὃς τόσον αὐδήσασχ' ὅσον ἄλλοι πεντήκοντα.

FALLOR? an in terris dea vis pedes ire marina,
Squamea cui spisso merx stat emenda foro?
Nam tibi vox conchas et rauca tonitrua vincit,
Rixaque Homeream prodit acerba deam!

B

XXX.

Mors Didus Aeneae nuntiatur.

ΑΙΝΕΙΑΣ. ΑΓΓΕΛΟΣ.

ΑΙΝ. Ουκ ἔσθ' ὅπως οὐ ταῦτά μοι ψευδῆ φέρεις.
ΑΓΓ. σαφῆ μὲν οὖν τὰ πάντα, κοὐκ ἄλλως ἐρῶ.
ΑΙΝ. τί δῆτ' ἀκούω, τίς ποτ' ἀλγηδὼν φρένας
κινεῖ, ταράσσει; ταῦτά τοι πεπυσμένῳ
φροῦδος βέβηκε πᾶσά μοι χάρις βίου.
φεῦ.
ᾤχωκ' ἐγὼ δύστηνος, οὐδὲν εἴμ' ἔτι.
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ ἄλλως τῆσδε τῆς λύπης με χρὴ
ἧσσω καθῆσθαι, φράζε συντόμῳ λόγῳ
πῶς καὶ τέθνηκε, καὶ τίνος χάριν φάος
ἔτλη ποτ' ἀλλάξασα νερτέρους μολεῖν.
ΑΓΓ. ὄλωλεν ὡς ὄλωλεν· ἀρκείτω τάδε.
ΑΙΝ. λέγειν σ' ἄνωγα· ταῦτα γὰρ κλύων τάχ' ἂν
παῦλαν λάβοιμ' ἂν κἀνακούφισίν τινα.
ΑΓΓ. ἐπεὶ κελεύεις, πάντ' ἐρῶ κυροῦνθ' ὅπως.
ὅπως γὰρ ἐξώρμησας εὔσελμον σκάφος
ἤδη τ' ἔφευγες ποντίων ὑπὲρ πλακῶν,
ἔξω μελάθρων στᾶσα δύστηνος γύνη
ᾤμωξεν εὐθὺς κἀνακωκύει τάδε·

Ἀρ' οὖν βέβηκας, κοὐκέτ' ἄψορρος πάλιν
γῆς ἐμβατεύσεις τῆσδε, φίλτατον κάρα;
καίτοι τί φημι; φίλτατον πῶς δεῖ λέγειν;
ποῦ γάρ ποτ' ἐφίλεις μ', ὅστις ἐκλιπὼν μόνην
οἴχει τάλαιναν; ἀλλὰ καὶ στένουσ' ὅμως
πόθῳ τέτηκα θυμόν, οὐδ' ἔξω φρενῶν
φίλον δυναίμην ὄμμ' ἂν ἐκβαλεῖν ἔτι.
ἀλλ' εἶα· δεῖξαι νῦν τὸ γενναῖον πρέπει·
ἴτω τάδ' ὥσπερ ἐστί· νῦν δ' ἔργων ἀκμή·
ὅπως ἀκούσας τῆς ταλαιπώρου πάθος
οἰκτόν ποτ' ἴσχῃς, σχέτλιε, καὶ δακρυρρόοις
πηγαῖσι τέγξῃς ὄμμα· νῦν γάρ τοι φίλον
πανύστατον τόδ' Ἡλίου βλέπω φάος.
πυρᾷ γὰρ ἐμβᾶσ' εἶτα Δαρδάνου ξίφος
οὐκ ἐλπίδων μεθ' ὧν ἐδεξάμην, βαλῶ
στέρνων διαμπάξ, οὐδ' ἀνέξομαι τὸ μὴ οὐ
οὕτω διαρραισθεῖσα νερτέρων ἕδρας
μολεῖν, ἵν' οὔ σοι τὴν πρὶν εὐφιλῆ πάλιν
ἰδεῖν παρέσται τὸν δι' αἰῶνος χρόνον.
ἀλλ' εἶμ', ὀπαδοῖς τ' εὐτρεπῆ θεῖναι τάδε
θυσίαν ὅπως ῥέξουσα δαιμόνων φράσω.
οὐ γὰρ τὸν ὄντα τῶνδε δεῖ φαίνειν λόγον.
Ταῦθ' ὡς ἔλεξεν ἡ ταλαίπωρος, δόμων
ἔσω παρῆλθεν, οἱ δ' ἐπόρσυναν τάχος

ὅσ' εἶπεν· ὡς δ' ἐκ τῶνδε δυστήνου δέμας
ἀπώλετ', ὦναξ, οὔτ' ἐν ἡδονῇ λέγειν
ἐμοί· σὺ δ' οὐ, σάφ' ἴσθι, τέρποι' ἂν κλύων.
πρόσω λέγοις ἄν· οὔτι συμφορᾶς ἄκος
τὸ μὴ πυθέσθαι τῶνδε τἀληθὲς πέρι.
σὺ δ' οὖν ἄκουσον· πρῶτα μὲν πυρᾷ τὸ σὸν
ξίφος βαλοῦσα, πορφυροστρώτους τ' ἄνω
χλαίνας, ἐφ' αἷσπερ συζύγῳ κοιμωμένῳ
φίλον ποτ' ἦν σοι Κύπριδος τέρψιν λαβεῖν,
ἔστη σιωπῇ βαιόν· εἶτ' αὐτῆς πυρᾶς
πέλας προσέστη, γῆν τε κοὐρανὸν λόγοις
χαίρειν προσεννέπουσα, καὶ πόντου πλάκας
λεύσσουσ', ἐφ' ὧνπερ φροῦδον ἦν σ' ἰδεῖν ἔτι
βεβῶτ', ἔλεξε τῶν ὑπηρετῶν τινὶ
δοῦναι φέροντα στυγνὸν Ἡφαίστου σέλας.
οἱ δ' οὖν ἔπραξαν οὐχ ἑκουσίᾳ φρενὶ
πικρὰς ἀνάσσης ἐντολάς· τὰ δ' ἔνθεν ὡς
λυσσῶσ' ἔπραξεν, εἰκάσαι μὲν ἔστ', ἄναξ,
ἐγὼ δ' ἂν οὔπως τοῦτο βουλοίμην φράσαι·
ἀλλ' οὐ γὰρ εἶμ' ἐς οἶκον, ἀγγείλας τάδε,
πρὶν ἂν φράσω τοσαῦτα· σῷ γάρ τοι πόθῳ
ἀπώλετ'· οὐ γὰρ σοῦ γ' ἂν ἠρημωμένη
βλέπουσ' ἂν ἐξηνέσχεθ' Ἡλίου φάος.
οἴμοι.

πῶς ἂν κεραυνὸν ἐμβάλοι στέρνοις θεός;
τί γάρ με δεῖ ζῆν, ὅστις ἐξηνάγκασα
αὐτὴν σεαυτήν σ' ὀλλύναι, φίλον κάρα;
οὐ δή ποθ', ἡνίκ' ἠπόρουν ναῦται φράσαι
ὀυμοὶ τίς εἴη λαμπὰς ἣν κατείδομεν
φλέγουσαν, ᾤμην σόν γε πάλλευκον δέμας
στυγνὴν θανούσης ἐξαποφθείρειν φλόγα.
οὐ μὴν ἄτιμος τῶν γ' ἐμῶν δακρυμάτων
κείσει ποτ', ἀλλὰ τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν βίον
ἀεὶ ταράξει μνῆστις ἣν ἔξω σέθεν.
ἡ σὴ δ' Ἐρινύς, οἶδα, τῶν πεπραγμένων
λυγρὰς παροῦσά μ' ἀντιτίσεται δίκας.
ἑκὼν τάδ' ἐξήμαρτον, οὐδ' ἀρνήσομαι·
ἑκὼν δ' ἔγωγε σῶν ἀπηλλάχθην δόμων·
ἀλλ' εἶμ' ἐς οἴκους, ὡς κεκρυμμένος πάθος
τοὐμὸν δακρύσω· μηδέ μου προσηγόρος
εἴη βροτῶν τις, ταῦτα γὰρ μείζω πολὺ
ἄχη πάρεστιν ἢ 'νακοινῶσαί τινι.

W. L.

XXXI.

Langansia.

ARGUMENTUM.

Ecclesiæ cujusdam prope Bernam in Helvetia presbyter conjugi suæ, primo in puerperio extinctæ, monumentum hunc in modum fieri voluit. Lapidem tumulo impositum, et quasi repentino ultimæ illius tubæ fragore disruptum, sublevare videtur mulier, habitum sepulcralem post se rejiciens, et in beatorum sedes, eodem cœlesti accitu, conscendere gestiens..

Quam pulcherrimam rerum maximarum imaginem admirati juvenes duo ibidem peregrinantes, Ædis Christi vero apud Oxonienses haud ita pridem alumni, easdem his qui sequuntur versibus utcunque exprimere conabantur.

Viduus loquitur.

NULLA mei ostentat lapis hic insignia luctus
　Impositus cineri, cara Maria, tuo:
Nec tibi condecorant solito de more sepulcrum,
　Sollicitent fletus qualiacunque novos.
Heu! nimis iste dolor, nimis ista recursat imago!
　Et quianam hæc animo sint referenda meo?
Has prope relliquias, quoties aut debita sacris
　Officia, aut fidus me revocarit amor,
Has prope relliquias, ægræ solatia menti
　Sunt aliqua, et lacrymis invenienda quies.
Hic tua me reficit, tua me rediviva tuentem
　Effigies ævi spe melioris alit.

Hic mihi semper ades, non qualis vix nova mater
  Amplexu hærebas jam moribunda meo;
Sed qualis surges, ubi nos de sede profunda
  Suscitet ætheriæ vox animosa tubæ,
Somnum exuta gravem, et cœlestis conscia vitæ,
  Jamque adventantis numine læta Dei.

G.

XXXII.

Oblectamenta Ruris.

Ἀγρὸς τέρψιν ἄγει.

QUI colis ingenuas humanæ Palladis artes,
  Adde, puer, studiis otia, rura domo.
Impiger occlusi vites fastidia tecti,
  Dum vocat ad gratos fertilis annus agros.
Arva tibi, et riguis placeant in vallibus amnes,
  Quæque levis gelidum ventilat aura nemus.
Gramina seu sternit, seu flavas messor aristas,
  Imbuit aut agilem discolor uva pedem;
Piscibus insidias, avibus seu tendit agrestis,
  Seu fera præcipites horret anhela canes:
Visa tuis reddent membrisque animisque vigorem,
  Et sacer afflato crescet in ore furor.

B.

XXXIII.

Milton.

CÆCUS, inops, patriæque superstes tempore iniquo,
Miltonus magnum sedulus urget opus.
Degenerem ætatem placide contemnit, et altum
Supra fortunæ munera radit iter.
Nox oculos licet æterna caligine obumbret,
Paupertasque gravi vexet acerba manu,
Non minus arrectum studio, ardentemque furore,
Per sacra Musarum devia raptat amor.
Mens ea, quæ mundi fines processerat extra,
Non erat humanis debilitanda malis.

W.

XXXIV.

Lines

INTENDED TO HAVE BEEN PLACED UNDER

A STATUE OF SOMNUS.

SOMNE veni, et quanquam certissima mortis imago es,
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori.
Huc ades, haud abiture cito, nam sic sine vita
Vivere, quam suave est, sic sine morte mori!

T. Warton.

XXXV.

Exul Gallicus.

Tu lascerai ogni cosa diletta
Più caramente, e questo e quello strale
Che l'arco del esilio pria saetta;
Tu proverai come si sa di sale
Il pane altrui, e como è duro calle
Lo scendere e 'l salir per altrui scale.

Dante.

Cum populi furor insanus, regnique libido
Raptatrix, et opum non satianda fames,
Sceptra, aras, legesque una stravere ruina,
Subditaque infami est Gallia tota jugo,
Cessi abiique lubens, inhonestaque vincula rupi,
Fœda triumphantis vincula nequitiæ.
Nec metuens fugi: testor decora alta parentum
Me quoque in hac caussa non timuisse mori.
Sed fore credebam auspiciis melioribus horam,
Qua Lodoix nostra posset egere manu;
Ardebamque animo justis defendere in armis
Sacra Dei, et patriæ jura vetusta meæ.
Hinc ego cuncta, mihi fuerant quæ cara, reliqui;
Hoc primo exilium vulnere corda ferit:

Hinc didici quam sunt tardi ingratique saporis
  Quas dat supplicibus mensa aliena dapes,
Quique Larem alterius miser et peregrina fatigat
  Limina, quam tristes itque reditque vias.
Ah! nescit, placido potuit qui leniter ævo,
  Et cives inter consenuisse suos,
Quosque prius lusu puerili hilarare solebat,
  Iisdem membra fovet debilitata focis.
Ah! nescit profugis quot sint quantique dolores,
  Quam fera perpetui sors obeunda mali!
Hei mihi! quo sensu dulcesque reliquimus agros,
  Et nemora, et solitæ tecta paterna domus!
Sponsa quibus lacrymis misero comes ibat amanti,
  Longævusque parens, exiguusque puer!
Quam venit ignotas exul despectus in oras,
  Duræ damna fugæ pauperiemque gemens;
Principibusque gravis, plebique invisus iniquæ,
  Non exauditis poscit opem precibus!
Hæc generis decus obscurant; his ipsa fatiscit,
  Firma licet, tantis mens labefacta malis.
Adde tot extinctos longinqua ad littora amicos,
  Adde domi indignis quot periere modis;
Effera quos populi rabies, furialiaque arma,
  Sanguineique rapax abstulit urna fori;

Forma mali mala judicii, qua sævior ulla
  Non cadit in gentes pestis acerba reas.
O patria! o diris exercita Gallia fatis!
  Tene iterum, exilii post mala tanta redux,
Tene reviso iterum? et toto procul orbe vagantes
  In gremium revocas, mater amata, tuum?
Quid, dura si lege, mei prædator agelli,
  Cara mihi, et multis tradita de proavis,
Rura tenet, vetera antiquæ incunabula gentis,
  Et propria hæc, sceleris præmia iniqua, vocat?
Illa habet, illa habeat secum; mihi conscia virtus
  Sit satis, et nulla victa labore fides!
Hac ego sum tantis dignus majoribus, auctam
  Hac trado natis nobilitate domum.
Pauper, inops, fractusque, bonis spoliatus avitis,
  Cuncta tuli, indomito pectore cuncta feram!
Hic mihi quod reliquum est detur modo claudere vitæ,
  Et lassum in patria ponere corpus humo!

G.

XXXVI.

Votum.

Quum vacuus fictos nuper meditabar amores,
  Et nova nectebat vincula quæque dies,
Sponte sua voces et mollia verba fluebant,
  Carminaque ad numeros vix revocanda suos.
Nunc mihi, quum vero transfixum vulnere pectus
  Æstuat, et tantum ferre laborat onus,
Deficit ah! cupidam verborum copia linguam,
  Et surda optatam Musa recusat opem.
Non me posse loqui, qualis mihi sæpe videnti,
  Cynthia, virgineo fulserit ore rubor!
Quæsitas torpere piget sine pondere voces,
  Quæ cupiant oculos, pulcra, referre tuos.
Ah! quoties missa ex illis letalis ocellis
  Percussit misero corda sagitta mihi!
Quid faciam? Quoniam verborum gratia cessit,
  Curarum interpres nil mihi lingua valet,
Da veniam, et vitæ liceat vovisse relictæ
  Tempora pro brevibus, quos parit hora, modis!

J. E. B.

XXXVII.

Soda.

Said to be the last verses written by Lord Wellesley.

Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium.
Fontium qui celat origines.

O FONS salutis! vita! fides mea!
Tumultuosi qui mala pectoris
  Compescis, et morbi furores
    Attenuas, saliente lympha;
Musis sodali sub Camerario
Præstes novellam Castaliam mihi;
  Salvumque dilectis amicis
    Restitues, animosque reddes.
Sparsim remotas condis origines
Arcana rerum subter, et abditus
  Nascentis ad terræ recessus,
    Primigenique elementa mundi:
Unde ausa in auras Te trahere, et leves
Miscere docta particulas manu
  Cohors medentûm, ut rivus orbi
    Mirifica fluat auctus arte.
Agnosce Patris munera! quem Deum
Agnoscit, omni parte operis sui,
  Ad solis occasus et ortus,
    Terra, mare, æthereumque cœlum.

Aug. 22. 1842.

XXXVIII.

Translation.

BY THE SAME.

Fountain of health! and hope! and faith and life!
That quell'st my tortured bosom's restless strife;
And to relieve my agonizing dreams
Pour'st forth thy crystal, cool, bright, salient streams.
Under the hand of classic Chambers placed,
A new Castalia freshens to my taste;
Inspires new life and spirit, and again
Leads me revived to the gay haunts of men.
In nature's secrets hid, thy birthplace lies,
Far scattered, deep, remote from human eyes,
Amid the germs that first gave nature birth,
And the primæval elements of earth:
Whence dared to draw thee to earth's airs, and blend
Thy lightsome texture in one glorious end,
Machaon's race; and spread thy wholesome streams
Where'er the sun extends his living beams.
Acknowledge God's good gifts, whose bounteous hand
Acknowledge all his works through main and land,
Where'er the sun sinks low, or rises high,
The earth, the sea, and the ethereal sky.

XXXIX.

Hellas recidiva.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Barbaricas ergo trahat æqua mente catenas
  Græcia, nec priscum curet inulta decus?
Magna virûm quondam genetrix, ne capta quiescas,
  Sed potior servo mors sit honesta jugo.
Surge age! jam resides, imbellia corda, nepotes,
  Qualis erat, virtus reddat avita mares.
Vos etiam, o fortes animæ, quos Sparta trecentos
  Persidis opposuit millibus una pares;
Rumpite, si fas est, pulcri alta silentia leti,
  Malia gramineum qua lavat unda torum.
Dicite, "Non hostes numerat generosa tyrannos
  Libera, dum vivet, parva futura manus."
Fallor, an omen inest? et, quæ loquor, occupat ult
  Græcia desueta sera jubere tuba?
Faustior Ægæo fragor it super æquore belli,
  Faustior it belli mota per arva fragor.
Clara diu, o felix quondam, pulcerrima semper
  Græcia, Pierio semper amanda choro!
Thermopylæ memori vires Marathonque ministrent
  Quaque licet, tantos digna merere patres.

B.

XL.

Irrupta Copula.

Χρύσεος πόρκης.

AUREUS est, mea lux! qui te mihi jungit amantem,
Annulus: exemplum, quod moneamur, habet.
Aureus in sese velut hic redit orbis eundem,
Aurea perpetuo sic eat orbe fides!

B.

XLI.

In Obitum Thomæ Bodleii.

SI sint vivaces hominum monumenta libelli,
Nomine si dignos Musa perire vetet:
Quam famæ, Bodleie, tuæ monumenta supersunt
Plurima, quamque tibi est debita longa dies!
Nec justum reor, ut mors, quæ tamen omnibus una
Dicitur, æquali sit tibi lege data.
Ergo mortalis quod vitæ Fata negarunt,
Concedet seræ posteritatis amor;
Et nova consurgens olim testabitur ætas,
Quam dignus fueris non potuisse mori.

Gul. Laud. S. T. D. Coll. Joh. Præs. A. D. 1613.

XLII.

ΕΙΣ ΘΩΜΑΝ ΒΟΔΛΕΙΟΝ,

ΙΠΠΕΑ ΕΠΙΦΑΝΕΣΤΑΤΟΝ,

ὅς τὴν ἐν Ὀξονίᾳ Βιβλιοθήκην ἀνασκευάσας, καὶ αὐξήσας, βίβλ ἀριθμοῦ κρείττους εἰς αὐτὴν ἀνέθηκε.

Τον *μέγαν ἐνταυθοῖ μικρὰ κόνις ἀμφικαλύπτει*
ΘΩΜΑΝ ΒΟΔΛΕΙΟΝ, *τὸν μακάρεσσι φίλον.*
παιδόθεν ὃς μεγάλῳ σοφίης βεβολημένος οἴστρῳ,
οὔποθ' ἑῶν κτεάνων φείσατο, οὐ καμάτων.
καὶ δὴ λαμπρότατον καταγώγιον Ὀξονίῃσι
Μοίσαις *καὶ* Μοισέων *δειμάμενος προπόλοις,*
εἶτα βίβλων γεμίσας ἐξ ἀντολίης δύσεώς τε
παντοδαπῆς γλώττης, παντοδαπῆς ἰδέας,
κηδόμενος πάντων θησαυρὸν τόνδ' ἀνέθηκε
πᾶσιν, τοῖς σοφίας ἔργα μετερχομένοις.
δῖε γέρον, σὺ δὲ ἐν Διὸς *ὤν, εὐεργεσιάων*
νῦν ἀπέχεις μισθόν, χἀ χάρις οὐκ ἄχαρις.
οὔνομα γὰρ περίπυστον, ἰδὲ κλέος οὐρανόμηκες
ἐκ Μοισέων, *πάντων τ' ἥραο μουσοπόλων.*

Isaacus Casaubonus scribebam in inclyta Academia Oxoniensi, et in ipsa Bibliotheca Bodleiana.

XLIII.

Cithara.

'Ολίγον τε φίλον τε.

QUALIS frugiferas flumine prodigo
Per valles tumidus volvitur, uberem
Fœcundans segetem Nilus, et aurea
Campos diluvie rigans.
Si gratum vehemens Mæonides gravi
Prorumpit numero, seu lacrymabilem
Pelidæ rabiem, seu viduum canit
Acri progenie senem;
Seu clarus rutilo fulmine Jupiter
Neptunusve furens dicitur, intimam
Tellurem quatiens, et juga montium, et
Plutonis vacuam domum.
Non hæc tanta levi conveniunt lyræ,
Quæ mollem choreas rectius ad pedem,
Permistumque metu spem dubio, et breves
Rixas dicat amantium.
Sic olim tenues lætus Anacreon
Lusit versiculos, et citharæ modis
Lesboæ, ingemuit saucia flebili
Sappho corda cupidine.

O! si flavicomus pectinis arbiter,
Qui servat latices Castalios, mihi
Concedat facili tangere dextera
    Imbellis citharæ fides,
Nil poscam magis, aut grandius insonans,
Nec supremum aliis invideam decus,
Cervicem nitidæ dum valeam Chloes,
    Et candentia brachia,
Ludentesque oculos inter amabiles
Risus, et niveo fusam humero comam,
Dulcique ambrosio dulcius osculum,
    Parvis carminibus loqui.

W.

XLIV.

Stolidorum Gula.

Ἔνθα φίλ' ὀπταλέα κρέα ἔδμεναι.

QUI sapit, huic plenum caput est, huic venter inani
  Desipit, ingluvie qui male carpit opes.
Lege pari, stultum quis te non dicat, Apici,
  Cum tibi sit plenus venter, inane caput?

B

XLV.

Hectorem ad Pugnam proficiscentem alloquitur Andromache.

Ni tua te fervens virtus, animose, juberet
Obvia belligero corpora ferre globo;
Non ego te lacrymis uxor dignarer inertem;
Sterneret expulso corda dolore pudor.
Non ego degenerem volui residemque maritum,
Regia tam forti nupta puella viro.
I, pete servatæ meriturus præmia Trojæ;
Non moror, haud alia tuta futura manu.
Sit satis, ah! nimium damno generose tuorum!
Quod, patria tecum sospite, laudis habes:
Hectore non ægre Trojam servante carerem,
Tam cupido tantus si satis esset honos.
Quæ rapit in planum, desertis mœnibus, æquor,
Cæca, nec in Danaos est gravis ira duces.
Unus es; est numeris Hector superabilis: hosti
Non nocet, est Trojæ proditor iste furor.
Heu! quoties specula prospectans tristis ab alta
In patulo flevi prælia visa solo!
"Hector ubi meus est?" dixi, "Num pugnat Achilles?
Ah! vereor solo ne sit Achillė minor."

Respice, qui blæso nondum conamine possit
  Dulce patris nomen fingere voce puer:
Tu cave, ne titulo compellet adultus inani,
  Neu sciat incassum quid sit, habere patrem;
Neve ego, captivæ misero damnata labori,
  Fila traham servo libera nata colo.
Nocte redi; trepidum reditus solatur amorem
  Heu brevis! ob justos gratior usque metus.
Interea, dubios opera fallente timores,
  Stamina dum texo, quæ tibi vestis erunt;
Grata tibi laticis tepidi fomenta parabit
  Jussa nec invita multa ministra manu.
Hei mihi! si rigidos ornatum munus in artus,
  Nentur in Hectoreos irrita pensa rogos:
Hei mihi! si redeas alius; neque conscia lymphæ
  Frigida supremis membra lavemus aquis.
Hoc dolet, hoc, — superesse tibi! nil triste relict[a]
  Servitium, nil sors exulis ægra movet:
Me movet amplexus respersi cæde meorum,
  Impius et leto durior hostis amor.
Occidit Eëtion genitor, septenaque proles;
  Tabuit in vacuo mater inulta toro.
Tu mihi frater eris, mater, pater, omnia solus:
  Andromache salvo non erit orba viro.

Sola tuis in te spes inclinata recumbit;
Tota perit Priami, te pereunte, domus.
Quin age, jam tandem nimii miserere doloris,
Sitque tua nobis parta salute salus.

B.

XLVI.

Ver.

VERE novo ut primos tellus resoluta tepores
Accipit, et Zephyri mitior aura favet:
Plurima, quæ nudæ reparet dispendia silvæ,
Lenta tumet spissas gemma datura comas.
Et jam prata inter per laxa foramina terræ
Lætior ex udo pullulat herba solo.
Propter aquam tenues musci perque humida saxa
Præcingunt titulo viva fluenta toro.
Roscidaque in solis spirant violaria ripis,
Et prope luteolo primula flore latet.
Tum crocus obductam lento conamine glebam
Dimovet, et summam flavus inaurat humum.
Jamque et mellitum calicem, Narcisse, recludis,
Unde favos olim sedula ditet apis.
Sic læta æstatis facies, et purior æther,
Pulcrior haud unquam Flora profundit opes.

W.

XLVII.

Gorgonis est Iræ Facies.

Tota places, mea lux! vitreis seu lumina gemmis,
Seu tua sunt patulis fusa labella rosis.
Dulcior at fletu, mihi risu dulcior isto,
Qualis inest animo, frontis aprica quies.
Hei mihi! sub placida gliscit sopita favilla
Flamma; latent placido naufraga fata mari!
Ventilet occultum tibi si levis aura furorem,
Fis mihi Tisiphone, quæ modo dicta Venus.
Ira domus lætas, totas et perdidit urbes;
Ira tulit subitam sanguinolenta necem.
Ah! pereat, tantum quæ surripit ira decorem!
Hoc rea, quæ, solo crimine, culpa foret.

B.

XLVIII.

Jerusalem.

Inter arenosas valles, sub rupe Sionis
Hebræum Siloæ qua rigat unda solum,
Ostendit raras subter juga saxea turres,
Fœda situ, et prisco cassa decore, Salem.

Jam non aerias arces et templa Jehovæ
  Lambunt thuricremis nubila odora sacris;
Nec festum inflari cornu, fremituve secundo
  Sublime ante aras plebs iterare melos:
Non solitis fervet pubes æquæva choreis,
  Nec manus Hebræam suscitat ulla lyram:
Non longa implentur solennibus atria pompis,
  Non adyti servat mystica templa Deus.
Ipsa etiam, patria extorris, Solymeïa proles
  Sparsim errat, variis dissociata plagis:
Invisum spretumque genus, cui nec nova regna
  Condere, nec veterem fas remeare domum.
Jam Moriæ juga lustrat Arabs, et littus Idumes,
  Culmina cedriferi jam Lebanonis habet;
Et pede barbarico calcat penetralia templi,
  Heu! loca præsenti concelebrata Deo!
Hæc est illa Salem, quondam sacrata Jehovæ!
  Hæc est illa suo gens adamata Deo!
Perdita! quæ donum renuit cœleste salutis,
  Divinoque sacram sanguine tinxit humum.

W.

XLIX.

Columba nuncia.

Ἐρασμίη πέλεια,
πόθεν; πόθεν πετᾶσαι;
. . . . . .
καὶ νῦν, ὁρᾷς, . .
ἐπιστολὰς κομίζω.

En tibi dona, ferunt bijugum quæ pendula collo
Mite columbarum par, facilesque noti.
Accipe, quæ prensi detracta Cupidinis alæ,
Penna mihi reddat præmia sola, "Veni."

RESPONSUM.

En tibi, pro donis quæ dona coacta vicissim
Misit ab invita penna dolosa manu!
Insidiis capior, proprio neque jure triumphas:
Ipsa "Mane" volui, scripsit at illa "Veni."

B.

L.

Lex Divina in Monte Sinai promulgata.

Exod. xix. 16.

Sub juga Sinai, dum sacro arrecta pavore
  Solennes iterat plebs numerosa preces,
Adventante Deo, montem nigrantibus umbris
  Integit in medio nox tenebrosa die:
E tenebris rutili prorumpere fulguris ignes,
  Immanisque super saxa tonare fragor:
Mons tremit, ardescitque simul, commistaque fumis
  Flamma coruscanti surgere visa jugo:
Æthereæ vox alta tubæ clangore metuque
  Crebrescit, longis ingeminata sonis:
Confremuere procul deserta; et culmina rupis
  Descendens implet numine summa Deus.
Terra silet, cœlumque — et claris lucida verbis
  Lex Divina ipso venit ab ore Patris.
Discite vos, gentes humanæ! his condita jura
  Auspiciis quanta sint veneranda fide.

W.

LI.

Virginius in Castra reversus Milites alloquitur.

QUOD pedes huc properans Virginius, æger, anhelus,
Castra novo trepidus more togatus adit;
Mira, Viri, quamvis ea sint, leviora putetis:
Lacrymat!—at non est hoc leve, quidquid habet.
Quæritis, hac cur sit muliebri fronte virilis,
Civica cur miles tela cruenta gerat:
Conticuit fletu miles Romanus oborto!
Mane fuit viduus, sed pater; orbus adest.
Quo rubet hic nondum frigenti sanguine culter,
Est meus, est anima carior iste mea;
Filia quem læti ductum de fonte parentis
Senserat in casto, dum fuit, ire sinu.
Dum fuit!—ah! qualem renovant ea verba dolorem;
Cogor et invitum quale referre nefas!
Eloquar infelix,— at vos ignoscite,—cædi
Appius heu! causam præbuit,—ipse manum.
Asserit hanc domino, mentita lite, ministro:
Polluit occultus turpe tribunal amor.
"I," ferus intonuit raptor, "fac, lictor, herilem
Serva migret, dicto jure, puella domum."

Stabat enim, pavida vulgi cedente caterva,
  Agna velut rabido præda relicta lupo.
Talia num sinerem genitor? mora parva precato
  Fit mihi; fortuitam parva lucratur opem.
Culter adest voto, lanii præbente taberna;
  Cætera Virginî lacryma muta refert.
Libera quæ salvo mors vindicat una pudore,
  Testis erit, servum non genuisse patrem.
Cara, vale! miseri solamen inane doloris,
  Ultima, nec coram, verba parentis habe.
Siccine tu feretro, sponso subeunte, recumbis,
  Filia, non tali nupta futura toro!
Siccine purpureos inter, pia munera, flores
  Pulcra jaces, damno væ mihi! pulcra tuo!
Excipe, maturo conjux mihi rapta sepulcro,
  Quæ redit in gremium nata pudica tuum.
Nunc ego te primum potui caruisse libenter:
  Gratulor heu! tantis te caruisse malis.
Tu quoque, matronis gratum Lucretia nomen,
  Jam tibi de spreta sit data plebe comes.
Sentiat hinc plebem jam prætextata libido
  Turpiter indocilem vivere, malle mori.
Esto! — sat, luctu justum superante furorem,
  Distulit, ultores quod monet ira viros.

B.

LII.

Pestis Thebana.

PER Thebas dum sæva augens contagia pestis
Dat stragem, et Furias concipit usque novas;
Tecta fremunt gemitu, et totam miseranda per urbem
Lamenta, et lacrymis fracta querela sonat.
Templa petunt cives trepidi, effusique sub aras
Iratos poscunt in sua vota deos.
Hic Phœbo pæana iterant; hic terna Dianæ
Numina, et armisonam Pallada rite vocant.
Parte alia, patremque Jovem, teque Evie clamant
Bacche, Cithæronis sæpe ululate jugis.
Tum planctus morientûm audiri, et crebra cadaver
Ante diem mœstis urere flamma rogis,
Et pecudes vulgo intereunt: nec sufficit herbam
Nec solitam frugum terra ministrat opem.
Haud temere hæc ipsorum ira demissa deorum
Cadmæam vastant funera tanta domum:
Labdacidam cæsum ultura, incestosque Hymenæos,
Hæc, Diis ex Erebo concita, Erynnis [?] agit.

W.

LIII.

Bibliotheca.

Nunc veterum libris . . .
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ.

QUALIS odoratam, venturæ præscia brumæ,
 De vario prædam flore recondit apis;
Pieridum lætis passim spatiatus in hortis,
 Carpe decus puero, perfugiumque seni.
Præbeat apricas domus haud inculta latebras,
 Qua tibi sit vere vivere, teque frui;
Plurima quem grata recreet vice capsa legentem
 Turbida quod placida corda quiete fovet.
Nunc age, ceu Manes Cyllenia virga reducit,
 Excitet Elysios pagina lecta choros.
Hic liber absentem revocat, ciet ille sepultum,
 Protinus et tecum cogit adesse, loqui.
Nam modo facundum jaculatur fulmina rostrum;
 Ætherium vatis mox bibis aure melos:
Te modo purpureus belli rapit æstus ad arma;
 Irruis, et clamas, et micat ense manus:
Nunc rabidis idem jactaris fluctibus exspes,
 Aspera vel nudum sauciat ora latus.

Totus in his (animum sic ludit amabilis error,)
Dum legis, hoc præsens aspicis, illud agis;
Nec subit, in mediis trepidum te rebus inertem
Ad proprium molli pace sedere focum.

B.

LIV.

Neptunus.

Argolicis Phrygium aversurus puppibus ignem
Troïa Neptunus littora adire parat.
Jamque alto invectus curru, et molitus habenas,
Per summa æripedes æquora flectit equos.
Jam circum insani compescunt prælia venti,
Et placida ante sacras sternitur unda rotas.
Tum passim domini adventu exultantia cete
Conscia lætitiæ signa dedere suæ.
Quorsum adeo tempestates siluere? suasque
Pontus in assueta pace repressit aquas?
Scilicet agnoscere sui præsentia regis
Numina compositi cærula vasta maris.
Ista sibi signa, et rerum miracula solus
Ista sibi oceani vindicat Ipse deus.

W.

LV.

Damocles reprehensus.

Destrictus ensis cui super impia
Cervice pendet.

"O DECUS, o quanti luxus, o gaudia regum,
Et bona pauperibus non capienda viris!"
Clamat adulator Siculum stans ante tyrannum,
Ante coronatas ture rosisque dapes.
Cum subito princeps, "Fies en ipse tyrannus,
Tuque meos luxus experieris," ait.
Nec mora — regifico cinctus diademate frontem
Rex novus aurato dat sua membra toro.
Ecce ferunt epulas, flores, unguenta ministri,
Dum lyra virgineo pollice tacta sonat.
Vir media recubat jam felicissimus aula,
Seque putat luxu lætitiaque frui:
Cum subito seta suspensum desuper ensem
Suspicit, et tacito pallidus ore tremit:
Suspicit hunc capiti stricto mucrone minantem,
Incipit et voti conscius esse sui.
"Aufer," ait, "luxus: petii cur talia demens?
Contentus vita pauperiore fruar."

H. H.

LVI.

Indæ viventis Rogus.

Supremum
Carpere iter comites parati.

" HÆCCINE vos luctus solatia fertis, amicæ?
Non pudet hæc Indas dicere verba nurus?
Mene brevem lacrymis effundere posse dolorem,
Nec viduam sero me meminisse die!
Ista, gerens hebetes duro sub pectore sensus,
Audiat occidui fœmina pigra viri.
Non patitur talem, nostro sub sole, quietem,
Qui flagrat accenso corde perennis amor.
Hunc teneam moriens, hunc spectem luce suprema,
Et cineri caro miscear ipsa cinis."
Dixerat hæc, dulci nolens superesse marito,
Inda simul grato certa perire rogo.
Jamque dies aderat cæco temeranda piâclo,
Exit ab orbanda, non reditura, domo;
Floribus, et variis splendescens victima gemmis,
Factaque cultricis pulcrior arte manus.
Ipsa suo miseram ducens in funere pompam
Læta videt tristes, ceu nòva nupta, faces.
Prodit ab incessu nullos animosa tremores;
At nitor est oculis, et manet ore color.

Sed tanti impatiens genetrix furibunda doloris,
Solvit in illicitas pallida labra preces.
"Siccine maternis vivam te proripis ulnis?
Sic eris exitio filia nupta meo?
Tota viri non es; pars debita magna parenti:
Mortuus in vivos jus habet ille toros?
Tene juvet, nostro quæ constat gloria damno!
Tune potes nostris esse beata malis!"
Huic tamen haud animos mutat plangore cruentus,
Parvula quem digitis presserat ipsa, sinus;
Haud sua funesti proles quæ nescia facti
Porrigit ad notas oscula blanda genas.

B.

LVII.

Aetna.

Qua contra Italiam, atque inter Cyclopea saxa
Magna indignanti tunditur Ætna salo,
Ascensu in primo, molli culta edita clivo,
Prataque, et aprico dulcia rura situ,
Auratæ circa messes, et fertilis uva
Pampinus, et glaucas pandit oliva comas.

Deinde ubi temperies mutata, atque aura superna
  Liberior verno flamine mulcet humum,
Castaneæ immanes illic, et plurima quercus
  Per medium nutat montis opaca latus.
Inde tibi culmen superanti, rarior æther
  Algere, et silvas despoliare comis.
Mox glacie et sterili bruma juga dura rigescunt,
  Summus et æterna stat nive canus apex.
Dum longe albenti signans purum æthera tractu
  Cernitur e summis faucibus ire vapor,
Tum secura quies Ætnæ, tum carmine valles
  Et resonant festis pascua læta choris.
Atra ruit vastæ nubes præsaga ruinæ,
  Tartareo ad superum vortice missa polum.
Jam tempestates cinerum, terræque tremores,
  Flammarumque inter saxa voluta globos,
Totaque sulfureis suffecta vaporibus aura,
  Fulguraque, et subita condita nocte dies,
Atque alta Ætnæis suspiria tracta cavernis,
  Ceu mons ex imo lugeat ipse sinu,
Dant signum—liquidusque ignis, Phlegethontis imago
  Torrenti effervens flumine inundat agros:
Per nemora, et vites, per pulcra palatia, et hortos,
  Involvens humili templa domosque casa,

Ad mare, diluvio ardenti, et flagrantibus undis,
  Cum luctu, et lacrymis, et nece vastat iter:
Jungitur ignis aquæ: et stridens durescit eundo:
  Objicit et pulso saxea claustra mari.
Fit pelagi rupes; signum illætabile nautis,
  Quanta per has ierit pestis et ira plagas.
Nauta redux patriæ, jam merce beatus Eoa,
  Agnoscit dirum, nocte ruente, jubar;
Utque videt longe notas ardescere terras,
  Quali sanguineus luce cometa rubet,
Suspirat: queriturque domum, prolemque relictam,
  Ne sibi funereas lux ferat illa faces.

W.

LVIII.

Theatrum Vitæ.

Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος.

Fabula sunt hominum casus, vitæque labores,
  Quasque dat incertas sors inopina vices.
Nunc levis est socco, nunc est gravis acta cothurno;
  Fictaque sunt fictis seria mista jocis.

Sive fremunt risu, vano seu pulpita luctu,
Scena patet brevibus ludicra tota dolis.
Candida nativam celat persona figuram;
Sumta premunt tacitum verba decora nefas.
Hic subit, hic exit: sic, actis partibus, omnes:
Itur; et, exstincta luce, theatra silent.
Pulcra tamen, larva jam post aulæa reposta,
Præmia, cui functo plauditur, actor habet.
Magna domi recreat, propria sub imagine, merces,
Veraque donàto est reddita vita polo.

B.

LIX.

Praxiteles Venator.

Sir F. Chantrey, being at Holkham, joined in the diversion shooting, and at the first shot killed two woodcocks, which he scu tured in marble, and presented to the Earl of Leicester. These ve written were at the desire of Lord Brougham.

PRAXITELES, sumta pharetra telisque Dianæ,
Venatorque novus per nemus arma movet:
Acris at illa acies ubi primum intenderat arcum,
En! trajecit aves una sagitta duas!
"Parce meis ne sint vacuæ," Latonia, "sylvis,"
Increpat, "et propria siste sub arte manum."

Ille, deæ monitu atque animosior arte resumta,
"Diva," ait, "hæc culpæ sit tibi pœna meæ.
Ponam inter medios, sacrata umbracula, saltus,
Signa quibus veræ restituentur aves:
Veræ in morte tamen, quales jacuere sub alta
Ilice, jamque anima deficiente pares.
Aspice languentes deflexo in marmore pennas!
Aspice! quæ plumis gratia morte manet!
Has tu, Diva, tuas ne dedignare sub aras
Accipere, hæc pœnæ stent monumenta meæ.
Sic tibi lætifico resonet clamore Cithæron,
Taygeta et variis sint tibi plena feris:
Sic tua delubris auro servetur imago,
Cui vitam, atque animos, et decus ipse dabo."

W.

LX.

Terra.

Βιόδωρος αἶα.

Terra, parens frugum! tua sunt, quæ credita reddis;
Proque tuo fœnus munere solvit ager.
Qualia nativo pandis spectacula luxu!
Pinguia quo vario rura decore patent!

Dividis alternas fessis mortalibus umbras,
  Solis et insomnes das adimisque faces.
Dividis inversos alienis urbibus annos,
  Et simul æquatas pendis ubique vices.
Terra, parens hominis cæco de pulvere creti,
  Qui redit in gelidum, venerat unde, sinum!
Ille levis tumido rerum jactatur in æstu;
  Nascitur, et, volucris dum fugit hora, perit.
Pendula præsenti Tu non sine numine moles
  Perpetuum certo limite flectis iter.

B.

LXI.

Persæ de Templo Delphico deturbantur.

ILLA ferox odiis Persarum turma, per urbes
  Hellados illa gravi bella furore ciens,
Jam sanctam Delphorum ædem et sublimia Phœbi
  Lumina, spe prædæ fervidiore, petit.
Jamque instat præceps templo, jam effusa tumultu
  Barbarico angustas infremit ante fores.
Continuo horrifico strepitu tonat arduus æther,
  Desuper, et raptim fulgura crebra cadunt;

Mox et Parnassi convulsa e rupibus altis,
  Dant stragem immani fragmina lapsa sono.
Quinetiam emissa ex adytis, circum atria Templi,
  Exaudita graves vox iterare minas.
Inde hostes trepidare metu, jamque agmina late
  Turbari, et subita vertere terga fuga.
Ipse etenim præsens sacrato in limine Phœbus
  Intonat atque aras protegit ipse suas.

W.

LXII.

Dotes Amoris.

θέλω, θέλω φιλῆσαι.

Huc ades, o socii dulcissime pectoris hospes,
  Anxie, sed requie blandior æstus, Amor!
Nam, sine te, frigent vacui penetralia cordis,
  Nidus ut orbatæ friget inanis avi.
Te sine, dura gerunt hebetes præcordia sensus,
  Ceu riget obscuro lamna sepulta solo:
Tu modo purpurea face tacta liquescere cogas,
  Tunc fluit admoto ferrea vena foco.
At tibi si dubio sint spicula tincta veneno,
  Grata tamen certo vulnera melle levas.

B.

LXIII.

Epitaphium Canis.

ZEPHYRUS. IN VILLA.

CAPTUM oculis, senioque hebetem, morboque gravatum
Dulcis here, antiquo me quod amore foves,
Suave habet et carum Zephyrus tuus, et leviore
Se sentit mortis conditione premi.
Interiere quidem tibi quæ placuisse solebant,
Et formæ et dotes, et facile ingenium:
Deficiunt sensus, tremulæ scintillula vitæ
Vix micat, in cinerem mox abitura brevem:
Sola manet, vetuli tibi nec despecta ministri,
Mens grata ipsaque in morte memor domini.
Hanc tu igitur, pro blanditiis mollique lepore,
Et prompta ad nutus sedulitate tuos,
Pro saltu cursuque levi, lusuque protervo,
Hanc nostri extremum pignus amoris habe.
Jamque vale! Elysii subeo loca læta, piorum
Quæ dat Persephone manibus esse canum.

G.

LXIV.

Aliud Epitaphium.

TIPPO. IN VILLA.

TIPPO ego hic jaceo, lapidem ne sperne, viator,
Qui tali impositus stat super ossa cani.
Larga mi natura manu dedit omnia, nostrum
Quæcunque exornant nobilitantque genus:
Robur erat validum, formæ concinna venustas,
Ingenui mores, intemerata fides.
Nec pudet invisi nomen gessisse tyranni,
Si tam dissimili viximus ingenio.
Naufragus in nuda Tenbeiæ ejectus arena,
Ploravi domino me superesse meo.
Quem mihi luctanti frustra, frustraque juvanti,
Abreptum, oceani in gurgite mersit hyems.
Solus ego sospes, sed quas miser ille tabellas
Morte mihi in media credidit, ore ferens.
Dulci me hospitio Belgæ excepere coloni,
Ipsa etiam his olim gens aliena plagis.
Et mihi gratum erat in longa spatiarier ora,
Et quanquam infido membra lavare mari;
Gratum erat æstivis puerorum adjungere turmis
Participem lusus me, comitemque viæ.

Verum ubi, de multis captanti frustula mensis,
  Bruma aderat, seniique hora timenda mei,
Insperata adeo illuxit fortuna, novique
  Perfugium et requiem cura dedit domini.
Exinde hos saltus, hæc inter florea rura,
  Et vixi felix, et tumulum hunc habeo.

G.

LXV.

Ad Filiæ Tumulum Inferiæ.

Τὸ ῥόδον ἀκμάζει βαιὸν χρόνον.

Tangere si qua potest viventûm cura sepultos,
  Nec pia dat tumulo munus inane fides;
Hanc cape rorantem lacrymis, mea nata, corollam,
  Carpta semel nulla quæ revirescet aqua.
Has cape, nata, rosas, similes quas viva colebas
  Ipsa tibi, pulcras pulcra, brevisque breves.
Hei mihi! prima cadit toto rosa gratior horto:
  Gratior et cunctis prima puella cadit!
Te tamen ornabit vivax post funera virtus;
  Ut manet in sicco flore superstes odor.

B.

LXVI.

Nuptiae Pelei et Thetidos.

DUM Thetis, Æacidem non dedignata maritum,
  Peliacum invisit sponsa beata nemus,
Ipsi adsunt Superi sacris solennibus, ipsi
  Magnificas agitant per juga celsa dapes.
Pulcer odoratos Ganymedes nectaris haustus
  Porrigit; ambrosio est mensa parata cibo:
Adsunt Pierides Musæ, et modulamine dulci
  Attrectant tremulæ fila sonora lyræ.
Dein te conclamant Hymenæe, Thetinque marinam,
  Et bellatorem Pelea rite canunt.
Nunc etiam et ponti spumosas propter arenas,
  Nereides festos concelebrare choros.
Hac etenim stirpe, et magno hoc de semine Achilles
  Surget, et indomitis viribus arma geret.
Hinc erit ille dies, Priami quo invisa propago
  Et justo pœnas funere Troja luet.

W.

LXVII.

Sæculum aureum.

Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
  Nos nequiores.

Ecquis erit tandem sceleri modus? Ecqua paternum
  Eluerit proles intemerata nefas?
Sancta redi Virgo! redeant Saturnia tecum
  Aurea cœlicolûm dulcia regna choro.
Non odium, non hostis erat, non pœna nocentûm;
  Haud gregis, haud hominum cæde rubebat humus.
Septus ager nusquam; quævis dabat arbor eunti
  Obvia non vetita poma legenda manu.
Sponte seges, læti crescebant sponte racemi;
  Suavis erat, lusu parta, brevisque fames.
Tunc pietas, et amica quies, et pectus honestum,
  Ruptus et ah! sola morte perennis amor.

B.

LXVIII.

Tiniana Insula.

OCCIDUUM late pelago jactata sub axem,
  Dum secat ignotas Anglica classis aquas,
Ante oculos tandem, post longa pericula ponti,
  Frondoso attollit se Tiniana jugo.
Hic deserta loca atque angusto limite clausos
  Secessus cœli mitior aura fovet.
Circa halant sparsi secreta per avia flores,
  Mollior et teneros porrigit herba toros.
Hic vitrei fontes, et ripa interlita musco,
  Et stat cærulei purior unda lacus.
Nec tenues absunt pluviæ, mediosque per æstus
  E gelido spirant flamina viva mari.
Tunc silvas inter pubescunt aurea mala,
  Apricisque viget citrus odora jugis,
Pollentesque herbæ, succoque imbuta salubri
  Gramina per vacuum serpere visa nemus.
Sis deserta licet, fessis tamen hospita nautis,
  Non frustra in medio, stas, Tiniana, salo.

W.

LXIX.

Ulysses redux.

Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine captos
Ducit, et immemores non sinit esse sui.

O Ithace, o vani toties spectacula somni,
Tune manes, vigili nunc mihi prensa manu?
Accipe, quæ figo nativis oscula saxis,
Aspera, sed quamvis aspera, cara magis.
At, mea Penelope, cum sit tua dulcis imago
E memori nullo pectore lapsa die;
Da reduci veniam, si, quæ sum prima locutus,
Non ea sint nomen gaudia fassa tuum:
Tu tamen interea, qua reddita nulla negata
Gaudia, materies vera loquentis eras.
Lente, quid hæc ventis absens jacularis, Ulixe!
I pater, i felix, nate, marite, domum!

B.

LXX.

For the Statue of the Duke of Wellington,

To be erected by the Citizens of London.

CONSERVATA . TVIS . ASIA . ATQVE . EVROPA . TRIVMPHIS .
INVICTVM . BELLO . TE . COLVERE . DVCEM .
NVNC . VMBRATA . GERIS . CIVILI . TEMPORA . QUERCV .
VT . DESIT . FAMAE . GLORIA . NVLLA . TVAE .

W.

Translation.

BY THE SAME.

EUROPE and Asia, saved by thee, proclaim
Invincible in war thy deathless name;
Now round thy brows the civic wreath we twine,
That every earthly glory may be thine.

LXXI.

On his Bust being placed in the Library of Eton College.

BY THE SAME.

AFFULSIT mihi supremæ meta ultima famæ;
Jam mihi cum lauro juncta cupressus erit:
Mater amata, meam quæ fovit Etona juventam,
Ipsa recedentem signat honore senem.

LXXII.

ΑΝΑΘΗΜΑ.

Dolato
Confisus ligno.

Passus ego Australes fluctus nimiumque calorem,
Passus Hyperboreo quod riget axe gelu;
Passus ego quicquid sæva ratis acta procella,
Quicquid habent diri ventus et unda mali.
Navita votivam figo de more tabellam,
E pelagi iratis sæpe superstes aquis;
Vestis et æquoreos toties experta labores
Stat mea cæruleo rite sacrata deo.
O toties nostri testis, Neptune, pericli;
O toties votis, dive, vocate meis;
Hæccine per longos sunt digna laboribus annos?
Hæccine sunt nautæ præmia danda? Vale!
Tu, Neptune, vale; valeat, res ludicra, navis:
Dent aliis dubiam ventus et unda fidem.

H. H.

LXXIII.

IMITATION

OF

A Greek Epitaph on Bonaparte's Tomb

AT ST. HELENA.

FULMEN Alexandri, et victricia Cæsaris arma,
  Alpinumque Afri qui superavit iter,
Quem super Europam rapido Victoria curru
  Vexit, et alatis gloria duxit equis,
Rupe sub hac ejectum, inopem, bustoque carentem,
  Fortunæ verso numine, condit humus.
Ira tyrannorum, et vesana superbia regum
  Sæviat in cineres insatiata tuos!
At non victrices aquilas famæque per orbem
  Immortale decus deleat ulla dies.
Illa tui memor usque, tuisque superba triumphis,
  Gallia, jurata stat tibi firma fide,
Te desideriis, alto te pectore servat —
  Hæc sola, hæc tanto digna sepulcra viro.

W.

LXXIV.

Imago Vocis.

Παντοίων στομάτων λάλον εἰκόνα.

NYMPHA potens vocis geminæ, resonabilis Echo!
  Quæ prope sub multa rupe jocosa lates;
Huc ades, et liquidi speculum mihi desere fontis,
  Qua puer ad vultus tabuit ille suos.
Scilicet ingratus te fastidivit amantem;
  Tuque velis questus nuncia ferre meos.
Conscia secretam repetas in Phyllidis aurem
  Qualia neglectus murmura fundit amor.
Quæ pia si duros flectant dulcedine sensus,
  Læsaque respectet Numina prisca fides;
Otia fac trepidæ concedas, garrula, linguæ,
  Mutua dum felix vota susurrat Amor.

LXXV.

Hierosolymæ disjiciendæ Signa et Minæ.

CARA Deo quondam, nunc vatum conscia cædis,
Nunc, heu! cœlesti sparsa cruore Salem;
Mox erat et pœnas luitura, et (grande futuris
Exemplum) ex imo disjicienda solo;
Sanguineæ per cœlum acies, rutilantiaque arma,
Prœliaque ardenti fervere visa polo.
Nocte etiam insolitæ flammæ, purumque diei
Atria per Templi sese aperire jubar:
Sponte sua valvæ portarum et ahenea claustra
Stridenti raptim cardine versa patent.
Jam vox concussam gravis exululare per ædem
Audita, "aversum linquere Templa Deum;"
Ingentesque minæ, "vertendam e sedibus urbem,"
Quo media abrumpi mystica sacra metu:
At cæca, et tantis gens nondum exterrita monstris
Instare, et culpas usque fovere suas.
Dum tandem eversis insultet mœnibus hostis,
Dum strata effræni milite Templa ruant.

W.

LXXVI.

Pater judicans.

Prodita laxabant portarum claustra tyrannis
Exsulibus juvenes ipsius consulis.

STAT trepidans Brutus: mortique paratus uterqu
Stat reus iratum filius ante patrem.
Nec genitor damnare potest, nec parcere consul,
Inque vices veniam datque negatque parens;
Sed simul ac patrias oculos convertit ad aras
Saxaque Tarpeio rite dicata Jovi,
Tum genitoris amor patriæ concessit amori,
Et, patre deposito, nil nisi consul erat.
" Siccine Roma meis — quî possum dicere — natis
Decidet, excusso libera Roma jugo?
Anne iterum aspiciet regnantem Roma Superbum
An dabit hic nostro jura timenda foro?
Dii melius! — Testis, stuprata Lucretia testis,
Qualia, Tarquinio principe, Roma tulit.
Anne patrem patriæ me libera Roma vocabit?
Et patriam natis posthabuisse ferar?
Non ita — læsa meum jam poscit Roma cruorem,
Pro patria fusus sit cruor iste mea.

Morte, rei, dabitis pœnas: I solve secures
  Fascibus, I jussum perfice, lictor, opus."

H. H.

LXXVII.

Ad Amicum nimis occupatum.

Quid æternis minorem
Consiliis animum fatigas?

VERBA, precor, mittas duo vel tria; sera tuarum
  Nuncia quæ rerum pectora nostra levent.
Pectora nam de te nimis anxia nostra laborant,
  Ut subit alternus, spe refluente, metus;
Non minus aut animo ne sis aut corpore sanus,
  Frigeat at nostri ne tibi lentus amor!
Sin tibi mens vacui desideret otia ruris,
  Quam nimiæ frangit sedulitatis onus;
Te vocat in nota placidus convalle recessus,
  Tuta fides, sermo, mensa, cubile, focus.
Quin age rumpe moras! nec honos, aut fama, nec aurum
  Id valet, hospitibus quod dat amica domus.

B.

LXXVIII.

America Rerum naturalium Mole insignis.

QUA sese ingenti terrarum America tractu
Porrigit, atque orbis spectat utrumque polum;
Passim magnifica ostentat miracula rerum
Natura, et vastas prodiga fundit opes.
Hic, qualis nec Pyrene consurgit ad auras,
Nec magna excelso stat Teneriffa jugo,
Hic adeo aëriis redimiti nubibus Andes,
Æterna attollunt culmina operta nive.
Grandior hic fervet torrens, fremituque marino
Amplior incursat littora longa lacus:
Tum pelagi in morem per mille ingentia regna
Devolvit vastas plurimus amnis aquas.
Talis Hyperboreum subter Laurentius axem
Immani longum gurgite radit iter.
Talis Orinocus, surgentisque æmula ponti
Plata, in Atlantæum præcipitata salum.
Quid culta Europæ invideas? circum undique lustrans
Nativi patrii littoris, Inde, decus?

V.

FINIS PARTIS SECUNDÆ.

PARS TERTIA.

Inter Carmina quadragesimalia referenda sunt nonnulla, quæ passim in Elencho Carminum siglis G * et W * notata, in duobus prioribus operis particulis exhibui. Hæc scilicet, quum ab auctoribus subinde refícta et sub ipsorum nomine in amicorum gratiam promulgata essent, alium sibi locum vindicare visa sunt.

Titulos Carminum, sicut in Ædis nostræ Censorum libris scripti leguntur, moris vetusti servandi caussa retinendos duxi.



CARMINA QUADRAGESIMALIA
SELECTA.

I.

An quicquid movetur, moveatur ab alio.

AFF[R].

DEFESSAS sopor Eumenidas dum in limine Phœbi
Occupat, hoc questu Pythia templa sonant:—
“Dormitisne ergo? nec nostræ injuria cladis
Nec vos Atridæ conjugis ira movet?

Surgite — nunc etiam vestri secura furoris
  Exilit e mediis præda petita plagis.
Vos, Divæ, obtestor, quæ cæde cruenta mariti
  Deveni Stygios umbra inhonesta lacus;
Cui neque adhuc sceleris labes exuritur, ipsos
  Sed sequitur cineres pœna premitque meos.
Atqui ego adulterium Phrygiæ sum pellicis ulta;
  Ulta ego sum manes, Iphianassa, tuos.
Illi autem — aspicite hoc violatum vulnere pectus
  Sacrilego — sceleris sufficit auctor opem.
Scilicet et Phœbi auspiciis nunc irrita vestrûm
  Numina, nunc inopes rideat ille minas.
At meminisse licet, tacitæ sub tempore lunæ,
  Ut steterim ad vestros mœsta silensque focos;
Ut non desierim veneranda ex ordine sacra
  Solvere, nulli alii sacra dicato deo;
Ut lac rite novum, gelidamque e fontibus undam,
  Puraque de plenis fundere mella favis.
Quare agite, illum ira furiisque agitetis acerbis,
  Et quatite ultrici tela facesque manu.
Quæ tantis plectar pœnis, Agamemnonis uxor,
  Non ego inulta, Deæ, mater Orestis, eam!"

II.

An quicquid recipitur ad modum recipientis recipiatur.

AFF^R.

MULTA super Lycidan lugubri questus avena
Hæc secum infelix carmina pastor agit: —
"Huc mihi quæ Ortygiæ gelidos Arethusa recessus
Roscidaque irriguis fontibus antra colis;
Et Siculas inter valles, et florea rura,
Carpe tui Lycidæ debita serta rogo.
Ergo, infauste puer, placida qua morte quiescis
Phœbea, ut par est, laurus obumbret humum;
Spargaturque novi prænuncia primula veris,
Index ætatis flos obitusque tui.
Narcissumque gravem lacrymis, mœstosque hyacinthos
Addam, et sanguineis lilia tincta notis.
Quo feror infelix? non hæc solatia manes
Scilicet, aut tumuli tangit inane decus.
Novi equidem — at tristes potui qua fallere curas
Saltem aliquam dulcis Musa ministrat opem."

III.

An idem sit Caussa diversorum.

AFF.

PELIACO in saltu, Divûm heroumque propago
 Phillyridam stipant, sancta corona, senem.
Ille, sacer veri interpres, quo numine rerum
 Natura, et qua sit lege creata, docet;
Unde ortum mens ipsa trahat; quis corpora tarda
 Informans habili temperet igne vigor;
Quæ sancti norma officii; quæ munia vitæ;
 Et quæ sint supero debita vota Jovi.
Ille jubet tenues curas, et vilia rerum
 Negligere, et magno pectore magna sequi.
Interea assiduis vegetos venatibus artus
 Et rigido hybernæ frigore firmat aquæ:
Aut cursu inter se, et dura certare palæstra,
 Aut jubet in rabidas cominus ire feras.
Inde animos, ut quemque trahunt sua fata, futuræ
 Diversa in vitæ munera rite vocat.
Æsonidæ cœlique vias et sidera monstrat,
 Et quæ sit medio semita tuta mari;
Phœbigenæ herbarum vires, ut quæque veneno
 Polleat, aut medicam certa ministret opem;

Ipsum autem, jam nunc magni præsagia belli
  Captantem, et famæ debita fata suæ,
Peliden ciet, et puerum in prima induit arma,
  Arma olim Hectorea nobilitanda nece.

IV.

An detur Sympathia.

AFFᴿ.

DUM Panthea virum fulgentibus instruit armis,
  "Accipe," ait, "sanctus quæ tibi præstat amor.
Hæc tibi quæ fidum lateri nunc adligat ensem,
  Sueta olim est nostros cingere zona sinus;
Quæque tibi aurata nunc pluma in casside nutat,
  Implicui hanc propriis plus semel ipsa comis.
Jamque tibi chlamydem nectit spectabilis auro
  Fibula, quæ vestes nexuit ante meas.
Nec chlamydi deerit sua gratia, nam tibi nostra
  Hanc quoque solerti dextera pinxit acu.
Quin et multa tibi loricæ in margine, nostro
  Quæ nituit quondam in pectore gemma, nitet.
Nunquam adeo, quæcunque movet tibi prœlia Mavors,
  Pantheæ poteris non memor esse tuæ."

V.

An omne habeat suum ubi.

ARR[a].

HELVETICOS inter montes, qua plurima circum
Fertur per medias unda soluta nives;
Prodit se Rhodanus, quaque inter lævia saxa
Fit via, cæruleis pascua mordet aquis.
Mox per aperta ruit spatia, ingentisque Lemani
Panditur in vitreos plenior unda sinus.
Sepositæ circa valles, et margine in ipso
Despicit illimem pulchra Geneva lacum.
Ocyus inde ruens, prono delabitur alveo,
Pigro Arari socias impliciturus aquas.
Jamque alto capit amne rates, mercesque superbas
Lugduni, et largas in mare portat opes.
Flexilis acclivi dependet vinea ripa,
Canaque perpetua frondet oliva coma.
Quaque oculos flectas, ævi monumenta prioris,
Turresque, et summis edita castra jugis;
Et circi spatia, et moles augusta Theatri
Imperium ostentat, maxima Roma, tuum.
Turbidus Ister eat majori flumine: sed non
Pulcrior ingentes ripa coronat aquas.

VI.

An omnia vergant ad Interitum.

AFF[R].

ARENTES inter campos et inhospita saxa,
  Qua rubet æterno torrida sole dies,
Centum olim, ut perhibent, aræ, et ditissima donis
  Surgebant Libyco templa dicata Jovi;
Flumina ubi zephyrosque et ripas nacta salubres
  Explicuit patulas plurima palma comas.
Hæc Pisæ delubra suæ Maurusius Ammon
  Dicitur, et Croniis præposuisse jugis.
Ergo et Dodonam linquens, sylvasque Pelasgûm,
  Et loca Chaonii quæ coluere senes,
His adytis responsa dabat; seu regia Sardis
  Persarum eversas sollicitaret opes,
Sive ubi longinquum Macedo petiturus Hydaspen
  Quæreret ignoti præscia fana patris.
Hæc olim fuerint: nunc sunt sine nomine terræ,
  Qua pecudem in solis rupibus Afer agit;
Aut vacua explorans frustra deserta viator
  Devius incerto tramite lustrat iter.
Nulla adeo sacræ sedis monumenta supersunt,
  Nec lapis ambiguam qui notet unus humum:

Sic Babylon, sic alta Tyros; sic maxima forsan
  Roma es cum templis interitura tuis.

VII.

An Natura aliquid agat frustra.

NEG[R].

SUBSIDIIS natura suis animalia cuncta
  Instruit, et propriam cuique ministrat opem.
Adversa taurus luctatur fronte; leæna
  Unguibus, et patulis rictibus arma movet;
Vis sola in pedibus lepori; dum Martius hostem
  Aversa insultans calce lacessit equus;
Piscis aquas findit pinna; velocibus alis
  Dum liquidum pulsans aëra fertur avis.
Sanctior his, mentisque capax, animalia mundi
  In varia, ingenii vi, dominatur homo.
Nec tamen ipsa etiam, quanquam videatur inermis
  Sola, caret clypeo fœmina pulcra suo.
Quin formæ egregias veneres, oculosque loquaces
  Vindicat, et vernis æmula labra rosis.
Sic natura, viris robur quæ sufficit, ipsos
  Dat tibi blanditiis vincere posse viros.

VIII.

An Effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum.

AFF[R].

PLANITIEM in magnam, et campos porrecta patentes,
Qua Pelusiaci littoris ora jacet,
Nullus ibi arentes terras nec roscidus humor,
Nec gelida æthereus recreat imber aqua;
Sed late vasti effusus super æquora campi
Nilus præcipiti spumeus amne ruit.
Tum versa rerum facie, magno omnia fluctu
Continuo et tristi mersa palude tegi.
Mox ubi jam refluus prisco se condidit alveo,
Pacatas volvens lenior amnis aquas,
Tum vero solitos instaurat rite labores
Agricola, et madidæ semina credit humo.
Nec mora, sed pinguis felici uligine tellus
Sufficit in segetes magna alimenta novas.
Hinc mox læta nitet, qualem neque Gargara messem,
Ubere nec jactat fertilis Enna solo.
Hinc, Ægypte, olim varia te fruge feracem
Altricem agnovit maxima Roma suum.

IX.

An Natura aliquid agat frustra.

NEG^R.

CLASSIBUS Americæ fines lustrare latentes
Sueta diu, et domito nobilitata mari,
Nunc Libyæ ignotos pandis, Britannia, tractus
Laude pari, et magnum rite capessis opus.
Ergo aliquis Nomadas superans, Gætulaque saxa,
Audax deserto in tramite tendet iter;
Aut Meroen ultra, et nascentia flumina Nili,
Æthiopum extremo in littore regna petet;
Aut referet, medias inter Niger actus arenas,
Quo cursu et quanto flumine volvit aquas.
Nec vero tantæ credas media omnia terræ
Fœda situ, et sterili pulvere mersa premi;
Nec tantum hanc Natura parens porrexit in æquor,
Quæ jaceat nullis usibus apta, plagam.
Atqui et læta greges errant per pascua, et ampla
(Ne dubites) vestit ditia culta seges.
Et populi indigenæ, belloque et pace potentes,
Oppidaque et mores et sua sacra colunt.
Fors et digni etiam quos tu, Britannia, quondam
Certa in amicitiæ fœdera rite voces.

X.

An Bruta agant per Instinctum.

AFF[R].

QUALIA sub Libyca nascuntur tubera arena,
Est et in Angliaco carpere multa solo.
I, pete fagineas, jam primo lumine, sylvas,
Spirat ubi herboso e gramine dulcis odor:
Felix, si hesterni forsan sub vesperis umbra
Protulerit fructus humida terra novos: —
Dextra ferat duros, nec inania tela, ligones,
Et canis ad domini jussa paratus eat;
Qui, simul ac gratos aura insinuarit odores,
Haud dubio occultas omine prodet opes:
Namque movens caudam, et cœtum latratibus implens,
Unguibus aut avido dente revellet humum.
Ocyus his accede locis, hic sarcula figens,
Disjice arenosi fragmina rara soli:
Nigra quidem, et vix ambiguo suffusa rubore,
Quam petis, ante oculos, planta reclusa jacet.
Quin parta fruere, et cape præmia digna laboris,
Quæ mensam ornabunt non sine laude tuam.

XI.

An Effectus requirat Agentem sibi proportionatum.

Aff^{a}.

PERSARUM veneranda manus, dum fata suorum
  Atossa ingenti fracta dolore gemit,
" Salve," inquit, " Regina Asiæ, quæ sola labanti
  Imperio, et patriæ consulis usque tuæ.
Macte pii memor officii, et libamina pura
  Funde manu, et sancto concipe vota metu.
Sit nostrum interea, saltem si justa precamur,
  Tartareos precibus sollicitare deos,
Quos penes ex Orco trepidos educere manes,
  Atque iterum in claram rite ciere diem.
Ergo, magne Hermes, audi, atque emissa tenebris
  Darii in lucem prodeat umbra novam.
Audiat infandam cladem, ingentesque dolores,
  Et quali excidio Persia mersa jacet.
Audiat abreptam classem, et Salaminia propter
  Littora Achæmenidum sparsa cruore freta.
Surge, veni, insigni redimitus surge tiara,
  Præsentique graves numine pelle metus.
Nam tu pacis amans populo pia jura volenti
  Imperiique dabas mitia jussa tui.

Surge, pater, trepidisque velis succurrere rebus,
Et soboli atque Asiæ surge suprema salus."

XII.

An detur Sympathia.

AFF[R].

NYMPHA veni,—ah! mentem si rustica gaudia tangunt,
Nec pudet agrestem participare torum,
Nympha veni;—hic umbræ dulces, hic mollior herba,
Hic tacita irriguis fontibus antra vocant.
Hic circum tristes variat Philomela querelas,
Et merula, et liquidum fundit alauda melos.
Hic tibi, quæ placido suadebit murmure somnos,
Plurima muscosis desilit unda jugis.
Quin ades,—hic viridem cingunt violaria ripam,
Subrubet hic teneræ purpura prima rosæ;
Hic spirant narcissi, et suave rubens hyacinthus,
Liliaque et Cypriæ myrtus amata Deæ;—
Quin ades—ah! quianam vana spe ludis amantem?
Hæc tibi si placeant gaudia, Nympha veni.

XIII.

An Cœlum agat in Animum.

Arr[a].

QUA pingues Asiæ campos, hinc æquoris unda
  Ægæi, hinc magno flumine claudit Halys,
Nunc etiam imbelles animos et mollia corda,
  Ceu prius, ignoto a semine terra parit.
Nam neque firma animis pubes, neque commoda Marti,
  Ut par est, validas durat in arma manus;
Nec cursu, aut rigida membra exercere palæstra,
  Aut loris alacrem flectere gestit equum:
At choreas agitare leves, et pocula larga
  Inter, festivam sollicitare chelyn;
Aut curarum expers molles super usque tapetas
  Otia per totum ducere lenta diem;
Nec teneris pudet auriculis suspendere gemmam,
  Nec liquido cunctas spargere odore comas.
Ergo sibi sua culta habeant, et leniter usque
  Spirans æstivos temperet aura dies.
Sit mihi, nuda licet sterilisque atque obsita nimbis,
  Quæ parit indomitos libera terra viros.

XIV.

An idem semper agat idem.

AFF[a].

PRIMUM ubi maturis jam solibus ingruit æstas,
  Nilus abundanti plenior amne fluit:
Effususque extra ripas, late omnia circum,
  Obruta ceu pelagi fluctibus arva premit.
Tantum extructa super tumulis atque aggere glebæ
  Turrigerum ostentant oppida magna caput:
Cyclades Ægææ quales, aut plurima qualis
  Sparsa per Icarias insula surgit aquas.
Ergo exsors operum agricola atque oblitus aratri
  Per sua jam late rura phaselon agit:
Mox vertente anno solitum te condis in alveum,
  Humenti et sensim, Nile, recedis agro.
Continuo obductam felici uligine limi
  Agricola incurvo vomere versat humum.
Mox raptim assurgens et magnis aucta alimentis
  Prodit se culmo luxuriante seges.
Ergo, Nile, tuæ queritur nihil accola ripæ
  Quod sua perpetuis solibus arva calent;
Nec vocat imbriferas nubes, austrumque madentem,
  Dum tu fœcundas sufficis unus aquas.

XV.

An omnia habeant determinatam Activitatis suæ Sphæram.

AFF.

DURA Caledonii propter confinia regni
  Qua jacet Arctoo subdita terra polo,
Gens valida, invicta prognata ab stirpe parentum,
  Antiqua vitam simplicitate colunt.
Illis non hyemis mora longa, coactaque parvo
  Vivere pauperies corda animosa domat.
Demissum ab læva chlamydem de more retorquent,
  Accincta et lateri parvula gæsa gerunt.
Jamque aut venatu invigilant, cædique ferinæ
  Assuetos agitant per juga summa canes;
Aut tentant malefida minantibus æquora ventis,
  Et longa a tenui retia lintre trahunt.
Sæpe et dum cœli facies et nubila servant,
  Præsagi pandunt quas ferat hora vices.
Sub noctem interea ciet exultantia corda
  Incomto veterum carmine fama virûm;
Aut pedibus plaudunt choreas; nec tibia cessat
  Per deserta rudes ingeminare modos.
Sit tenuis fortuna licet, nec splendida luxu,
  Parvo empta hæc illis gaudia vera parit.

XVI.

An idem semper agat idem.

AFF[R].

DUM nova Germanum molitus prælia in hostem
Agmina trans Dubis flumina Cæsar agit,
It furtim ambiguis rumor per castra susurris
Venturæ referens mille pericla viæ:
Esse alta in medio nemora, informesque paludes,
Et lustra humano vix adeunda pede;
Stare etiam in latebris hostem, qui pelle ferarum
Indutus magnis viribus arma movet,
Cui species oris torva, intonsique capilli,
Et validum immani in corpore robur inest.
Ergo omnes, quos fama ducis, studiumque videndi
Ultro in militiam suaserat ire novam,
Jam videas flere inter se, aut tentoria circa
Mussantes tristi voce ciere metus.
Mox alii, quîs firma fides, spectataque virtus,
(Centurio, et longo Marte peritus eques,)
Ipsi etiam insuetæ metuunt discrimina pugnæ,
Et sperant tardas ducere posse moras.
Tu solus turpi immotus mœrore tuorum
Nullo victa metu pectora, Cæsar, habes.

XVII.

An Locus conveniat locato.

AFF[a].

DISCE memor, quæ certa colunt præcepta periti,
Si vis squamigeros pascere rite greges.
Aptum exquire locum, imprimis, ubi fonte propinqu
Defluat, et purum recreet unda lacum.
Quaque levis strato sublucet glarea fundo,
Et vada qua teneris lusibus apta patent.
Tum solidanda magis tellus ipsa ostia juxta,
Qua portum emissis fluctibus esse velis:
Et validas infige sudes, quas maxima quercus,
Quas dabit accisis fraxinus orba comis.
Absit grande nemus, sit tantum consita juxta
Alnus, et herboso in margine rara salix:
Et latebræ prosunt cæcæ sub fornice ripæ,
Qua gelida æstivum mitiget umbra diem.
His demum ex curis variæ tibi copia cœnæ,
Et mensis aderunt fercula lauta tuis.

XVIII.

An detur Sympathia.

Aff^a.

Assueta exercens sero sub vespere pensa,
 Effert incultos Afra puella modos: —
"Noctem inter mediam, venti pluviæque ruentis
 Dum resonat late per nemora alta fragor,
En! æger, Libycis errans male tutus arenis,
 Hospes longinquo a littore solus adest.
Nostras ante fores, nostræque sub arboris umbra,
 Stravit in herboso languida membra toro.
Nulla illi est mater, post tædia longa laborum,
 Spumea quæ dulci pocula lacte ferat.
Nulla est quæ apponat fruges lætissima conjux,
 Fruges, quas propria torruit ipsa manu.
Quare agite, o sociæ, nostrum est ea solvere matris
 Officia, inque piæ conjugis esse loco.
Ipsæ inopes quamvis, quamvis misera omnia passæ,
 Ne tamen hospitibus ferre gravemur opem."

XIX.

An omnia habeant suum ubi.

AFF[x].

OCEANUM porrecta ultra, solisque meatus,
  Qua regio æterna luce beata nitet,
Ambrosio passim mulcet spiramine sylvam
  Inter odoratas lenior aura cedros;
Humentesque Iris campos amplectitur arcu,
  Et mille Elysio lilia rore lavat.
Quin dulces inter lucos, arbustaque circum
  Auricoma, Hesperides carmina dia canunt;
Purpureisque genis Horæ, Charitesque decentes,
  Alternant molli in cespite rite choros.
Nec tamen hæc quisquam scelerata labe gravatus
  Limina, et æthereas speret adire plagas;
At sacræ castorum animæ, quas purior intra
  Sensus, et aurai simplicis ignis alit.
Sedem utcunque piis tribuant post funera vates,
  Mens repetit superos cœlitus orta suos.

XX.

An detur Sympathia.

AFF[R].

HÆC tibi mœsta inter recubans, Abelarde, sepulcra,
Scripta piis conjux mittit in excubiis.
Antra inter media, et pallentes nocte recessus,
Vivit adhuc memori pristina flamma sinu.
Hic Divûm gelidis simulacra rigentia saxis,
Et suus obscuris mœnibus horror inest.
Tum vetitæ frustra illecebræ, et tua dulcis imago,
Et tota indomitus mente resurgit amor.
Et sæpe in somno te circumfusa jacentem
Languida suaviolis immoror usque tuis.
Excitor: — objectum per mœsta crepuscula murum,
Et video in longas atria ducta vias.
Et modo marmorei propter penetralia fani
Visa est imbellem vox iterare sonum:
"Huc Eloïsa veni! mœstæ hic oblivia curæ,
Hic anima æterna pace quieta viget."
Haud invita sequor: felix, si morte sub ipsa,
Si tandem exuto corpore, cedet amor.

XXI.

An Ars imitetur Naturam.

AFF[a].

QUÆ tibi perpetuis orta est sub solibus herba,
  Et solita ad fervens sese aperire jubar,
Non illa Arctoo poterit se credere cœlo,
  Aut inter nostras crescere læta nives.
Est tamen, ut cura studioque exculta fideli
  Floreat, et longum grata rependat opus.
Sint illi sua temperies, et propria vitæ
  Pabula, sit fictus, qua licet arte, calor.
Passim strata legas ergo folia arida, solers
  Et premere, et tenui spargere fontis aqua;
Et sese abstrusæ extuderint cum semina flammæ,
  Cœperit exsudans cum fluitare vapor,
Deinde fimo pingui obducas, deinde instrue mollem,
  Qua sese radix parvula firmet, humum.
Quin etiam et vitreo sospes sub tegmine, solem
  Excipiat, pluvio non adeunda Jovi.
Planta novos extemplo animos, nova semina vitæ
  Concipiet, faciles explicitura sinus.
Seu gelido succo æstivum relevare calorem
  Promta, vaga cucumis stirpe pererret humum;

Seu gremium liquido distendat nectare, et alte
Auro ardens nitidum tollat anana caput.
Sic proprium quamvis solem Natura negarit,
Non renuit ficto planta calore frui.

XXII.

An diversa possint esse in eodem Subjecto.

AFF^A.

ASPERA ubi Prochyta, atque interno sulfure fumans
Inarime æquoreas ardua frangit aquas;
Littora Baiarum et Miseni ingentia saxa
In placidum curvant æquora magna sinum.
Parte alia Capreæ aërias attollere rupes
Effusoque aditum vix aperire mari.
Jamque inter geminas exceptus leniter oras
Pontus composito lentior ire salo.
Jam vineta patent, et olivis pinguia rura,
Castaneæque altis imminet umbra jugis.
Hic Gauri deformis apex, hic, magne Vesevi,
Desuper ignito gurgite fulmen agis:

Tum mare turbari, fremituque assurgere ab imo
  Fluctus, et rapida fervere luce fretum.
Secessu in longo, turritis splendida tectis,
  Parthenope in vitreis alta superbit aquis.
Æquora ibi pleno radiantia sole coruscant,
  Dum captant tepidos carbasa mille notos.
Dulcius ecquid adest? At cæcis clausa tenebris
  Tristia flammarum semina terra fovet:
Quaque oculos flectas, cladis vestigia tophus
  Pumice et exeso mista favilla jacet.

FINIS.

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ER

JW

